



16th Year. No. 23.

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General.

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Commissioner.

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THE WEAKNESS OF GOD.

"The weakness of God is stronger than man"—I. Cor. 1, 25.

The Siege program designates the next two weeks to be devoted to desperate soul-saving efforts. Doubtless there has been much planning and scheming on the part of officers and soldiers as to the best method of reaching souls, dying souls. Blood-bought souls, sin-steeped souls, and bringing them in true repentance to the Saviour. Soul-saving is always

our aim—in all things—but we want to make some very desperate efforts to reach hardened cases who do not ordinarily come under our influence, or whom we have so far not reached by our usual methods. The past Sieges have proved that careful planning and organizing for such efforts have brought about some very glorious achievements; the trophies of these

Sieges stand as living and uncontrollable evidence of our army's capacity. Organization, orderly system, machine-like business ability—all which you like—ought to be fully appreciated as a factor of success in soul-saving, but it can never take the place of a living faith in God. Just as the rain, which nourishes a living plant and hastens its growth, hastens the decay of the dead plant, so the rules and regulations that guide the united actions of the members of a God-inspired Army in channels of greatest success, will make futile the efforts of any individual who relies on such regula-

tions only. Organization is the body, fitted with the soul of success in the Siege. The body, operated through the brain by the soul, is a wonderful mechanism, a mighty machine to tear down or to build up the Kingdom of Christ, but without the soul it decays and becomes a nuisance.

No amount of ingenuity, learning, wisdom, talents, personal attraction or force can take the place of faith. Faith makes the child a giant, and the weakest human creature more powerful than the legions of hell. The weakness of God, spoken of by the Apostle, is not a particular failing on God's part, but that helplessness of man that seeks not the succor of human strength, but finds omnipotent strength by faith. Again and again, right through the ages, we trace men and women, poor, too many, alas!—who, without any remarkable talents, or learning, or advantages of an extraordinary kind, have risen from unexpected quarters, from lonely places, and humble homes, and have attracted whole nations and continents. Their deeds rang out clear and true; the best in the heart of millions responded to their electrifying example, and the course of history has been turned into new channels by their daring. And what was the secret of their success? Faith, living faith, faith triumphant!

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

One such instance is illustrated by the picture on this page, Joan of Arc. She was the daughter of poor peasants of France. In her youth she minded her father's sheep. Being much alone in the fields, her mind turned to God in prayer; she was known in the village as a child of exceptional piety. She was seventeen years of age when she heard that the English were ravaging and subduing France.

One day the timid girl declared to her parents and friends that the angels had called her to deliver her country, and asked to be taken to the King. Scoffing, sneering, derisive, and tears were alike ineffectual to turn her from her firm conviction. She had received the heavenly call, her faith demanded that she should go and do as she was bid.

Obstacles upon obstacles came upon her path to turn her from her purpose, but she pressed on through them all. For two years she was subjected to all manner of tests and examinations, as well as insults, but her faith bore her over it all. Finally the King placed her at the head of the army. Her appearance enthused the soldiers miraculously. She led the troops on to victory and raised the siege of Orleans. Although she was understood at the time, imprisoned and burned at the stake for heresy, she was afterwards exonerated, and her name, even to this day, after nearly five centuries have passed, is honored throughout the civilized world. What was the secret of her victories? Faith, unwavering faith in her divine mission.

LET US CONQUER LIKEWISE.

If our faith in God, and His love, and obedience to save is living—pulsating in our very veins and felt in our every breath, then the world will no longer be callous that he cannot feel your influence; there will be no sceptic so steedled that the spirit of conviction will not pierce the armor of unbelief through your efforts.

We must win; we must make it harder than ever for men to go to hell; we must force the careless to stop and think; we must save souls, and save them in greater numbers, and it can be done by FAITH IN GOD.



Joan of Arc Receiving the Angel's Call While Keeping Her Father's Sheep.

The Saved Bushwhacker GOES TO THE BUSH.

By ENSIGN PARKER.

The old story repeated: A true Salvationist moves far away from the S. A., but the fire in his bones won't let him be idle. He must do something to show his colors and help roll the old chariot along.

A letter came to me from Major Collier, saying Bro. Payne, of Coe Hill Mines had written him asking for G. B. M. Boxes. It so happened I knew this Bro. Payne, and I made up my mind I must see him and find out what kind of a country he was living in. But, alas! Coe Hill is many miles from any S. A. corps—about 50 I think. However, "where there's a will there's a way," and where there is such a good-natured gentleman as the General Superintendent of the G. O., let the why don't cost me a moment. And now begins a series of pleasant occurrences and kind deeds done by many people that will ever make the memory of this journey very pleasant.

I wrote Bro. Payne. The answer came back, "Come, and I will arrange a whole week of meetings for you—a different place every night." Settled. I'll go.

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A tall Salvationist enters the office of the General Superintendent of the C. O. R. Was greeted pleasantly, and goes out with a letter giving him a right to travel all over the line at a cheap rate. God bless Mr. C.!

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I do meetings in Cobourg; nice crowd, good time. Port Hope; no files on Carter, Millbrook; poor Weir. I guess he's warm now. Peterboro; the brotherly heart of Staff-Captain Burditt does one good. A letter came from Bro. Stone, of Laketield, with \$4.05, G. B. M. I say, Mr. Editor, these Stones are two bricks, and no mistake.

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Sunday in Campbellford. A nice lit advance in G. B. M. cash here. Monday I land in the home of Father Williams, at Stirling. Here is an old couple who know how to praise the Lord. One son an Ensign in the S. A., one a Methodist minister. They have much to praise the Lord for, and they do praise Him in good style, and the fire burns all the better in my own heart for the few hours I spent with them. They are both red hot Salvationists, though far away from any corps.

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Next day I start for Coe Hill. Get to the Junction. Oh! I have left my carbine behind me, which leaves no light for the lantern. "My wife is going to S.—," says my companion, "she'll get it for you." "I'll send it to you to-morrow," says the obliging Station Agent. Thank you both, gentlemen.

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The train comes. An accommodation—get on or off almost anywhere—gets to the station when it has nothing to do. At St. Ola, B. C., the bushes of Trouton meets me. He will arrange meetings if I will give him the dates. "Ding-dong" went the bell, that wonderful train is really moving again, and I am off for Coe Hill. "No stop over," says my return ticket. What shall I do? I must do St. Ola on my way back. Why, Mr. C. is on the train. A stroke of his pen will settle it, and in his usual pleasant way he settled it.

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Coe Hill Mines at last! The happy face of Bro. Payne greeted me. Yes, meetings are arranged. Nice time at Hill that night, people much interested.

Drove home to Bro. Payne's. That poor horse, Ned! Like some folks, when he had a hill to climb he took a lengthened furlough. On the level he could make three miles an hour, but going up hill—"enough said!" Speckling hills, sir, I have seen the hills of Muskoka, the romantic scenery of Vermont, but North Hastings takes the prize. Generally if you are not going up hill you are going down; but at last we reach home, and supper, and bed. Thank God!

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Daylight, breakfast, off for Ormsby. Meeting in a school-house. Went to a hotel. What language one man used! How vile! Some are men who think

themselves smart. Truly this base fellow vomited out the filth of the pit. God save him!

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Firing up for the meeting, a boy comes in ready to do anything, to get wood, water, tanks—that boy could talk. "Going to have any music?" he says. "Our teacher can play fine. If you just get her to play the organ we'll have a fine time." The hotel-keeper comes in, and another man, whose tongue proved him to be a son of "bonnie Scotland." Just came to wish us success, they say, and they leave us a dollar in hard cash. Thank you, gentlemen. A nice crowd of people, much pleased with the large, clear pictures that Acetylene Gas makes. A short time occurs. Then comes that boy's information, and his teacher, a little music will just fit in, and for the moment, under the skilful management of Miss Wigg, the teacher, the music is playing and the crowd clapping heartily. That boy was right, his teacher knows how to play, and her kind assistance was much appreciated. The picture is on the sheet again. Finally the people go away expressing hearty approval of the proceedings. Next morning we visit a family who used to attend the S. A. in Peterboro many years ago. Here we met our boy-friend of the evening before.

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"Get up, Ned! Go on, you brute! Get a move on!" and at the rate of three miles an hour we rattle off for L'Anable. Dinner with a kind friend who had not slept the night before on account of the war reports. We assumed that there was no danger, and left her satisfied. I think that neither Boer nor Fenian would trouble her there.

(To be continued.)

me to preach His gospel, and who is me if I preach it not? Secondly, it was the S. A. that brought me to God, and I think we should stick to the bridge that carried us over. Thirdly, the Salvation Army affords me so many grand opportunities to work for God that I could not have in other places. I have been in the Garrison just one month to-day, and I must say I am enjoying my days of training. Jesus saves me now. Cadet C. J. Scott.

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When about 15 years old, I left school and went to work in an office in London, Eng., got into trouble and ran away. Found home again, I returned home again, and was taken back into the office, but soon had to leave again on account of bad conduct, and then I refused to work until I was sent to Canada. Came out, roamed around, working very little and living a wild life, until, at last, one day I went to an Army meeting and God's Spirit strove with me. Although I went on sinning for three years, at last I gave my heart to God. Was a slave to tobacco until the night I was saved. I threw my pipe away and the desire left me from then, and has not returned. A few months later, I left God calling me for an officer. I offered my self and was accepted and arrived in Garrison, after God having opened the way through what seemed impassable barriers. Cadet A. Bristol.

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In 1896 the Army opened fire in Jamestown, N. D. Previous to that time I was one of the so-called good sort of fellows in the eyes of the people, but soon after attending the meetings of the Army I found out that I was far away from the Kingdom. One night, I shall never forget it while life lasts, it was on the 3rd of April (Good

Our Newfoundland Letter.

The Salvation Army in Newfoundland is a live institution, with wonderful inherent energies. "Forward" is the motto of the "generalissimo" here, who is ever pleased with an opportunity to capture new territory. With all your boasted advances in the "Great Dominion," you will have to pull ahead if you desire to keep in the forefront of the battle. Brigadier Sharp is full of faith and the Holy Ghost, and always found standing unflinchingly at the post of duty.

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The Army have recently opened new stations at Clark's Beach, Rocky Harbor, Black Island, New Town, and will open at Fox Harbor, in Trinity Bay, shortly.

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The Army's educational work is flourishing. Four teachers are engaged with 200 children, in the city. Clark's Beach has a school with 50 children: Gooseberry Island a school with 50 children; and there are Army schools in eight other places, with from 25 to 40 attendants.

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The Cariboune corps are now engaged in erecting a new barracks and Junior hall, which will soon be pushed forward to completion. The soldiers here are characteristically heroic, and will play their part well in the God-assigned mission of the Army in Newfoundland. Arrangements have been completed for building fourteen new barracks and eight officers' quarters. The soldiers and their sympathizers raise the money among themselves to defray the cost. What do you think of that for poor old Newfoundland, with its "fish and fog"? It is pretty hard to say just where the Brigadier will stop here. It looks as if he intended to capture the whole Island and place it under the S. A. Flag.

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Capt. McLean is rushing things at St. John's. She is a very busy officer, and her activity and earnestness have done much to inspire her soldiers with faith and courage to go forward in the fight.

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Capt. Harris, of the Slum Corps, is small, but very good. The proverbial remark that the best of stuff is sometimes put up in small parcels is exceedingly appropriate in this case. God bless Capt. Harris in the performance of her self-denying, Christ-like duties, and crown her life with an abundance of success.

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The citadel is the great centre of activity and attraction. Adj't. Dowell is keeping up his reputation as a hustler. Big crowds attend all the meetings, and the weekly average of souls is fifteen. The Adj't. is a hard fighter, with an unswerving determination to show the enemy no quarter whatever. Some young men are now in the Training Garrison, undergoing a course of training for the S. A. ministry. The brass instruments have arrived, and the band will have had sufficient practice to play in two weeks from now. This will give unbounded attraction and interest to the meetings at the citadel. The collections all round are keeping up to the mark, and the people respond generously to special demands.

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The three-months' Siege opened with a rousing temperance meeting at the citadel on Thursday night last, and your modest correspondent had the honor of standing on the platform and saying a few words on the occasion. The sprightly and indefatigable Apollonia was in real fighting trim, and the meeting throughout was intensely interesting. It looks as if the mighty retreat before the Siege is over. The meeting on Thursday night was a very special feature of the meeting. Little Master Houdwood's rendering of "The pearly gates are golden," was simply excellent.

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The Rescue Home, under Adj't. Toxell's well and careful management, is destined to become an unspeakable bane to the poor, unfortunate ones of this community. It is a very great pleasure to visit the Home and witness the indications of reform in those to whom it has afforded refuge.

R. T.

PLAN OF THE SIEGE.

February 25th to April 2nd, 1900

Desperate Soul-Saving Efforts—Sunday, March 4th, to Saturday, March 17th.

Juniors' Week—Sunday, March 18th, to Saturday, March 24th.

Enlistment Week—Sunday, March 25th, to Saturday, March 31st.

Universal Enrolment of Soldiers—Sunday and Monday, April 1st and 2nd.

Rat Portage Garrison Cadets GIVE THEIR TESTIMONIES.

Praise God, I'm saved and have an up-to-date salvation. I love God and His works with all my heart, proving, moment by moment, that His power is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him. Feeling and knowing that His will concerning me is to be a fisher of men, I'm going for His strength.—Cadet A. S. Quist.

In looking back over the few months that I have spent in the Training Home in Rat Portage, I look upon them as the happiest days of my life. The Training Officers are all that could be desired to make Cadets love and honor them. I have been here something over four months, and have not heard an unkind word from them. I love the fight and am well in my soul. That which at first was a great cross to me, visiting and telling War Crys, has become a great source of blessing.—Cadet Hardy.

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My first reason for being a Cadet is that I firmly believe that God called

Friday), I came to God. From that time forward He has kept me. I was for some time that I had an up and down experience in my soul, one Sunday, holiness meeting, I told my all to the clear. I felt called to apply for the Field soon after. The Devil used to tell me that I was not fit for it, as I never was more fit for a speaker, and that others were far better fitted for officers, but the Spirit did not leave off striving with me, and I was miserable. I talked it over with the officers and wrote to Major McMillan. The result was I was accepted, and am at the present time in the Training Garrison at Rat Portage to prepare for the Field. Praise God for victory day by day over sin and the devil.—Cadet G. Grass

Often trouble is just God's hand bringing us into touch with all the troubled, that we may show them His

While vast continents are shrouded in almost utter darkness, and hundreds of millions suffer the horrors of heathenism, the burden of proof lies upon you to show that the circumstances in which God has placed you were meant by Him to keep you out of the foreign mission field.

A LADDER TO HOLINESS.

BEING SEVEN STEPS LEADING TO

⌘ FULL SALVATION. ⌘

BY THE GENERAL.

(Reprinted by Request.)

THIS Ladder is constructed on the plan of the one "How to be Saved," and is intended for the use of those seeking for holiness of heart. To those who wish to use it we give the following counsel:—

1.—Set apart a special time for its consideration, and retell for this purpose, if possible, into some place where you can be alone with God.

2.—Read the article carefully and thoughtfully from first to last, and then go through it again as described below.

3.—Earnestly pray for the guidance of the Holy Spirit.

4.—On your knees before God, with all your heart, take one step at a time. Be careful not to leave the first step for the second until it is clearly understood, heartily accepted, and solemnly decided upon; and so on with the second and third steps, until the last is reached.

5.—If this course be followed, I feel quite sure that every sincere person will be brought into the possession of the desired blessing of "a clean heart."

FIRST STEP.

I Am a Child of God.

I am a child of God. I can with confidence call God my Father. I know that Jesus Christ is my Saviour, and that He has pardoned my sins. I have been converted—that is, my heart and life have been changed by the Spirit of God. The fear of death and judgment and hell has been taken away. I love God, and want to please Him. I hate sin, and want never to do evil any more. I pray and read my Bible, and love Christian people. I do a little work, and give a little money to extend the Kingdom of Heaven on the earth, and very much wish that I could do more. I hope that my Saviour will be with me when I come to die, accept me in the Day of Judgment, and then receive me into Heaven to dwell with Him for ever.

SECOND STEP.

I Know, with Sorrow, that Sin Still Exists in My Heart and Life.

But, although I have this assurance that I am a child of God, I also know, to my sorrow, that there are evils still existing in my heart and life which ought not to be there, and which I very much wish could be removed. For instance, there are in my soul the remains of—

Pride,
Vanity,
Bad Temper,
Malice, Hatred, and Bitterness,
Revengefulness,
Ambition,
Lust,
Sloth,
Love of the Pleasures and Riches of the World,
Selfishness,
Want of Thorough Truthfulness,
Evily, etc, etc.

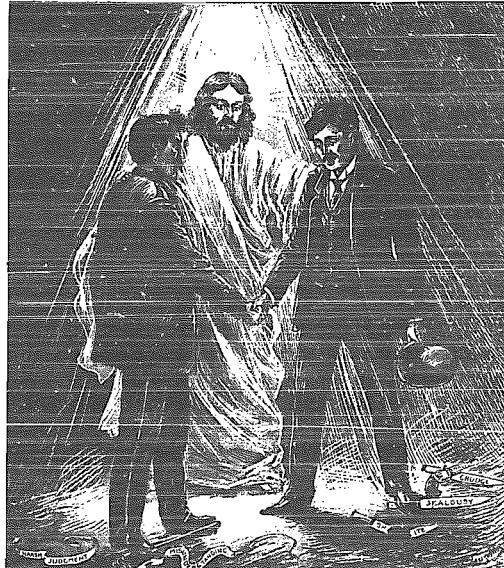
Honestly select from this list the particular evil, or evils, which you have reason to believe exist within your own heart, with which you have to battle, and which every now and then overcome and lead you into actual sin.

Look at that particular sin, or sins, which you have discovered, until you see and feel their unholiness, and until you detest and loathe them.

I find that these evils manifest themselves in my conversation, in the manner I discharge my family duties, in the way I conduct my business, and in almost every part of my daily life.

I feel that these evils damage my example as a Salvationist, and very often prevent me reprobating sin in those around me, because I feel that I do not like my own sin to the church. "Philistines hate thyself." They also interfere greatly with my happiness, causing me much irritation and vexation of spirit, often leading me into actual sin, on account of which I am brought into condemnation, and have to seek forgiveness. But, most deplorable of all, I know that these evils grieve my Saviour, being contrary to His will concerning me, and in direct opposition to His word.

I am sure I hate these sins, and long to be delivered from them.



RECONCILIATION.

Reconciliation Must Precede the Direct Soul-Saving Effort, as the Plow Goes Before the Harrow.

THIRD STEP.

I Believe that Jesus Christ Can Save Me from All Sin.

From what I have read in the Bible by what I have heard from my comrades, and by the light God has given me by His Holy Spirit in my heart, I now see and believe that it is possible for me to be delivered from these inward and outward sins, and that I can be made holy in this life. I believe that I can, as the Scriptures say, be cleansed from all filthiness of the flesh and of the spirit, and enabled to perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord.

I do not expect to be delivered from temptation, or from sorrow, or from suffering, or from the possibility of falling into sin in this world; but I do believe that God can work such a change in my appetites and dispositions, and give me such a measure of the power of His Holy Spirit, as will enable me to live without committing sin. For now I see that the purpose for which Jesus Christ was born into the world, and for which He lived and died and rose again, was to destroy the works of the devil out of my heart and out of my life.

I believe that this blessing of holiness is offered to me in the Bible, and long to be delivered from them.

urged upon my acceptance by the Holy Spirit, and that God is waiting to cleanse me from all impurity and make me clean. Even now, while I kneel before Him, He is saying to me, "I will sprinkle clean water upon you and you shall be clean; from all your filthiness and from all your idols I will cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you; and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh and will give you a heart of flesh. And I will put My Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in My statutes, and you shall keep My commandments and do them."

"Oh, joyful sound of Gospel grace.

Christ shall in me appear;

I, even I, shall see His face,

I shall be holy here.

"My heart shall be His constant home,
I hear His Spirit's cry;
Surely He saith, 'I quickly come.'
He saith, 'Who can belie'?

FOURTH STEP.

I Now Choose, with All My Heart, to be Holy.

Believing that God has promised to cleanse my heart and my life when I ask Him to do so with all my heart, I

prihood and holiness of my fellow-creatures.

(a) I put away everything evil in the thoughts, feelings, and imaginings of my heart.

(b) I give up all that appears to be evil, worthless, or injurious to my personal habits, whether in my eating, drinking, dressing, talking, or in any other particular.

(c) I give up and abandon every thing that is wrong in the way I conduct myself in my family, business, or marriage, with my children or servants (if I have any), in my conduct towards my master or mistress (if I am so employed), and in my business and the general conduct of my daily life.

(d) Nay, not only do I here renounce those things which I know to be evil, but those things which appear to be doubtful. I will abstain from doing, or allowing to be done, so far as I can, anything about the rightness or wrongness of which I have any serious doubt. I read in my Bible that "He that doubteth is damned," which means condemned; and I will not be condemned by doing doubtful things.

SIXTH STEP.

I Consecrate Myself Fully to the Service of God.

Not only do I, by God's help, promise to cease from all evil, but I do fully and freely consecrate myself here and now to the service of my Lord. I deliberately and cheerfully lay my self and whatever I possess at His feet, and beg Him to make what use He can of so poor, weak, and unworthy an instrument as I am, and of such pitiful treasures as I possess, for the promotion of His glory and the welfare of His creatures, both in this world and in the world to come.

I give Him my body that it may henceforth become His dwelling-place; I give Him my hands, feet, eyes, ears, tongue, and everything else connected with it, together with all its appetites and powers, for Him to keep and employ as He sees fit.

I give Him my mind with all the faculties of memory, judgment, imagination, conscience, and will, that He may cleanse it and preserve it blameless to the day of His coming.

I give Him my heart, with all there is of its capacities for affection, hatred, wrath, fear, faith—in order that He may purify, occupy, and fill it with His love.

I give Him my goods, and promise to regard them as belonging to Him and to His Kingdom, solemnly agreeing to use them in such a way as I have reason to believe He will approve, and as He shall show me will be most productive of His glory and the benefit of my fellow-men.

In short, I give Him my life, and promise to regard myself henceforth as belonging as much to Him in the place where I now live as I expect I shall do when I come to live with Him.

Even so, I leave my condition and position entirely to His good pleasure. He can make me poor or rich, sick or well, the head or the foot. He can keep me on earth or take me to heaven. I belong to Him.

SEVENTH STEP.

I Believe that God, for Jesus Christ's Sake, Cleanses Me Now.

And now, O Lord, believing that You want me to be holy; that Jesus Christ, by His death, has purchased for me this deliverance from all evil, and that You have promised to make me a blessed soul, seek for the blessing with all my heart, and having the witness that I do at this moment renounce every evil way, and consecrate myself a living sacrifice according to Your wish, I believe that You do here and now accept my offering and my heart.

As a stone which the builder takes and lays upon the foundation, so I this moment lay myself on the foundation which Jesus Christ has laid, even His own blessed body—sacrifice which, by His infinite merit, covers all the sins of my past life, and sanctifies the imperfect offerings which I now make, and regardless of fear or feelings, do now believe that You do accept my offering, receive it as offering that I make, and that the Blood of Jesus Christ does this moment cleanse me from all inward and outward sin. Glory be to the Father, glory be to the Son, and glory be to the Holy Ghost! I am fully the Lord's and He is fully mine.

EASTERN STARLETS.

By MAJOR PICKERING.

Touring, to the people who are strong, becomes tiring sometimes, but to the folks who have weak bodies doubly so.

The Provincial Officer, Major Pickering, is not daunted by difficulties, however, and in spite of a crippled limb, has gone through a most successful tour.

NEW GLASGOW came first. The P.O. arrived at midnight, having met the Chancellor by the way. We were met by Capt. McElheany, bubbling over with enthusiasm about his corps. The first officers of the District came in and the P.O. conducted two committal, dealing with every phase of an officer's work and life. They will be long remembered.

The barracks was packed at night for a great demonstration. The P.O. was unable to do much, although present. The Chancellor, Staff-Capt. Rawling, led off a very spirited gathering, at which Adj't. McLean and Capt. Lamont, formerly of this corps, assisted. Everybody delighted. Westville band came in and helped make things go.

GLACE BAY was reached Saturday afternoon. The corps turned out in force to give the P.O. and Chancellor a welcome, and soon we were in the midst of a happy, shouting crowd.

The welcome meeting Saturday night was a grand success. The patriotic soldiers being over. Sunday, in the Victoria Hall immense crowds gathered. By Freida Thompson was dedicated in the afternoon, after which the P.O. met the soldiers. What a time it was. At night the magnificent crowd sat spell-bound listening to our leader. The day's fighting resulted in 11 souls at the Mercy Seat. Everybody delighted, and crying, "Come again soon." Capt. and Mrs. Thompson have good hold and are doing grand work.

Monday found us on our way to SYDNEY. What a change in a few months. Six months ago Sydney was quite a sleepy place, but now all is bustle and activity. The great new Iron Works has brought nearly 5,000 new people into the town. Houses are being put up by the hundred. The Salvation Army has risen with the tide, and our barracks has been filled every night with crowds of the right sort. The Major met the Cape Breton officers during the day in council, and each one seemed possessed with a great determination to do something MORE, and expressed themselves anxious to push the war faster than ever. Meanwhile outside a furious storm of rain was raging, flooding the roads, and mauling traffic a great difficulty. It ceased, however, by meeting time, and a full house of people crowded in to hear the Provincial Officer. The Captain had worked hard to get a crowd, and he was rewarded. A rousing salvation meeting followed, and resulted in three souls—two women and a man. There is a great future before Sydney. Capt. Piercy is jubilant over the prospects. He has things well in hand.

NORTH SYDNEY came next on the list. Things here have been rather low for a long time, but the break is coming. Capt. Brown and Capt. A. Murthough have just gone in and report good meetings. Cry's sold, and they insured us the debt of \$90 would soon be wiped away. The hall was nicely filled in spite of a "War" meeting close by. We had a good time, but none yielded. Keep at it, Captain. The break will come.

SYDNEY MINES was visited next night. The Methodist Church had a good crowd, nearly all converted. Capt. Doyle has worked among many discouragements, being unsettled, not always sure of the hall, but he has worked hard and done well for the children.

HALIFAX was reached Friday night, where we were soon made comfortable by the kindness of Adj't. and Mrs. McLean. The weekend campaign commenced at HALIFAX Saturday, in spite of the bad weather. A good crowd gathered. The meeting

was a fiery one. Many were in tears and a big impression was made. Capt. and Mrs. Lorimer are doing well.

HALIFAX I. citadel had a splendid crowd Sunday morning, who eagerly drank in the truths. Four souls knelt at the Mercy Seat at the close.

DARTMOUTH was visited in the afternoon, and we had a nice meeting. We were pleased to see the barracks open again after the serious illness of Mrs. Capt. Pelly, whom it was a pleasure to find getting better, although still needing our prayers.

HALIFAX I. at night again. Full house and a marvellous meeting. No one wanted to go when the prayer meeting came. The devil worked to prevent victory, but a strong, united "bayonet" charge resulted in the capture of three men—splendid cases. Hallelujah!



MAJOR PICKERING, P. O. Eastern Province.

DARTMOUTH was again visited on Monday night. All the city corps unit to hear the P.O.'s famous lecture on the "International Social Work." A splendid audience, including M. P., representatives of the churches, etc. They listened for an hour and thirty minutes alternately moved to laughter and tears, and the orator graphically described the various scenes and accomplishments of the General's great scheme. One soldier regrettably said the Major should have started at dinner time, then he could get through it all.

Adj't. Jost was introduced at this gathering, as the new commanding officer of the Rescuse Home. Staff-Capt. Rawling made a good speech, the chief points being beauty and wit. Halifax looks and sounds very "war-like" at present, with marching troops and other preparations. The S. A. under Adj't. and Mrs. McLean and their officers are pushing ahead.

WINDSOR, the last on the tour, was reached early Tuesday, and we were soon in the midst of the first of two officers' councils. At night, in spite of the heavy rainstorm, we had the place crowded. Each officer had a word. The Chancellor vividly described his conversion. Then the Major, Bible in hand, launched forth in spite of great weakness, and for forty minutes swayed the large crowd. After a well- wrought prayer meeting, two souls volunteered to man and a woman. We finished with a song of victory.

Next day we journeyed home, crossing the Bay of Fundy in a furious gale, heavy seas sweeping across the steamer.

During this tour the Major has conducted eight officers' meetings, and met 90 officers—16 public meetings, at which 200 souls were won to the Mercy Seat, and \$125 were given in the collections. The Major has returned very much gratified with the prospects in this part of the Province. Unfortunately he is very unwell, and needs our prayers. He is, however, laying plans for another campaign.

Attack on St. John.

Mrs. Major Pickering, assisted by Mrs. Staff-Capt. Rawling, Capt. Stobbs and Lieut. Urquhart, of the Provincial Staff, has been doing a series of meetings at the city corps.

ST. JOHN V. the first Sunday was a distinct success, a crowded barracks, red-hot meetings, and three souls seeking pardon. The newly-promoted Captain Kirk is doing well here.

CARLETON, the second place, was the scene of some hearty fighting, resulting in one soul set at liberty. Things have been hard, but victory is coming. Capt. and Mrs. Allan have taken well hold. A full hall rewarded their announcements of the visit.

ST. JOHN III. is like a "Salvation furnace." The P.O.'s wife and her Staff were assisted by Adj't. Jost, who was farewelling. One soul volunteered in the afternoon, and three more at night. Adj't. Byers has got well hold of things here.

ST. JOHN I. was the fourth battlefield. A splendid crowd gathered. Adj't. Jost said his final good-bye amidst universal regret. St. John's loss will be a gain to Halifax. Amidst the nice speeches made, the soul-saving was not forgotten. Under a strong appeal from the Adj'tant, Mrs. Staff-Capt. Rawling and Mrs. Major Pickering, who pulled in the net and successfully engineered the prayer meeting through, six souls sought salvation, some very pathetic cases amongst them. At each corps the cry has been, "Come again soon."

St. John is rising, and each corps is determined to do their share in fitting the flag higher.—"Westerner."

Women's Social Secretary Leads Old-Time Week-End at Yorkville.

The war still goes on. Desperate fighting in this part of the field.

On the 10th day of February, 1904, the Yorkville company made a sortie from their old entrenchment, on Yorkville Ave., and captured the Red Lion Block, a stronghold of the enemy, on Yonge St., which is now being used as a barracks for the forces.

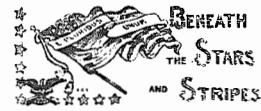
Sunday, Feb. 18th, was the red-letter day at the Red Lion Block barracks. At 11 o'clock, Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read ordered the amalgamation of the Yorkville corps and Rescuse Staff, and unitely they went to the heavenly army for supplies to fit them for the day's fight.

At 2:30 p.m. we marched round the enemy's camp, surveyed their position and returned to the Red Lion entrenchment, where we found a good crowd of the enemy earnestly desirous to know the conditions on which our army might become subjects of the King of Kings and citizens of heaven. Major Stewart read the word of God to the people and gave an address on the League of Mercy.

At 7 p.m. a still greater crowd greeted the Lieut.-Colonel, and it was the crowning time of the day. Mrs. Read called on Father Blinstead (who calls himself a camp follower) and he gave us a very interesting talk on old times, with a sketch of his own experience. Mrs. Read then read from God's word speaking on the far-reaching influence of Christ's boundless love. That Mrs. Read still retains the old power of touching the hearts of her hearers which the writer knows so well was demonstrated by the result of her appeal.

First, a young man, followed by his wife and another sister. To God be glory for ever.

Yorkville corps says, "Come again, Mrs. Read." —A. Rose, Capt.



The Twentieth Anniversary was a triumph. Commissioner Howard was given a royal welcome. The first Sunday's fight, led by the Commander and Councill, resulted in 24 captures. The leading visitors spent the day at the city corps, and all reported souls saved. The crowds were great. The great gathering in the Carnegie Hall proved, at the time the American Cry closed, to eclipse all previous demonstrations.

This from the latest English War Cry: "In bygone days I used to be unduly called a sheep-stealer," said Commissioner Booth-Tucker, in the course of his address at Exeter Hall, Well, from all that I heard during his stay in London, the faculty or quality for this occupation is far from dormant in him. He was observed prowling in the Editorial dens, and made no secret of his intentions at the Clapton Training Homes. Up to his departure, however, I had not heard of his success in capturing a single hare; the cooking process is, therefore, I fear, a long way off!"—Uncle Paul.)

Staff-Capt. Adams was in evidence at the reception meeting in New York as the composer of a new Anniversary song.

The 140 men, women, and children who constitute the Salvation Army settlement known as Fort Amity Colony, represents, probably, as much energy, enterprise, and enthusiasm as you will find among a like number anywhere. The result of their energetic work is everywhere apparent. The public school has an enrolment of over forty pupils, and is taught by an able Christian young woman from Denver. Staff-Capt. Burrows, usually spoken of as J. B. is the secretary of the district board.

Speaking of the Boston Social work, the War Cry states: "Never a day but the sunless lass brings clothing to the hungry, and few are the hard days of winter when she does not find great quantities of delicious fuel and meal. Sometimes it must be all these, and sometimes, like strings, for many a time a sunless lass has stepped between a penniless household and the dispossessor that would cast them, naked and starving, upon the street. Boston's suns are said by the police officials to be among the very 'toughest' of such malodorous quarters in this country; but there isn't a policeman serving a beat through that section of the city who will not concede that in neighborhoods where the Army has fastened itself, our sunless lasses and soldiers have largely had the effect of a moral disinfectant."

Let the Man Reform Before Marriage.

"A girl should never marry a man than she can reform him," writes Margaret Sangster in the "Folksy Ladies' Home Journal." If he is in need of reformation let him prove himself worthy by turning from evil and setting his face steadfastly and perseveringly to good before he asks a girl to surrender herself and her life to him. Nor should a girl be too impatient with father, mother, and friends if they counsel delay in deciding a matter which is to influence her whole career and her lover's, when they, with clearer eyes than her own, perceive in him an unsuitability to her."

Work Here; Rest Hereafter.

Thank God, we have got all eternity to rest in. This is the place to work. I pity any child of God that wants to sleep all the time down here. Brothers, sisters, wake up! We have got plenty of time to rest hereafter. The question is not what Gabriel can do, or what we will do when we get to heaven; the question is, What can you and I do before we get there?—D. J. Moody.

CHASING
THE
DEVILALL
ROUND
THE
WORLD

Introducing the Gospel and Salvationist literature everywhere.



The General has been restored to health, and conducted great meetings at Manchester and Leeds.

We are sorry to state the Chief of Staff has been attacked by influenza.

Mr. Cropper, the Army's well-known accountant, gave HQ's officers and employees an address on the principles of book-keeping. The noon-day prayer meeting room was crowded, among those present being Commissioners Pollard and Coombs. Mr. Cropper's counsel, founded on a sound and extensive experience, was much appreciated.

Mrs. Colonel Hay's London Staff Officers dispensed nearly two thousand farthing breakfasts a week or so ago. At most of the corps the breakfast consists of a large currant-bun and a big mug of hot coco. The White-chapel officers, however, find the coffee-pot profuse in the middle of the day. They provide a very varied bill of fare. One day it will be soup, another boiled haricot beans, and a third rice-pudding and jam.

The English War Cry states: "Colonel Bailey, who came out of Regent Hall corps, has a varied career as an officer. He was one of the shining lights in the early days of Commandant Herbert Booth's command of the Training Homes. He was for some time Chief Secretary in Canada, and Chief Secretary in South Africa. His more recent appointments have been the commands of New Zealand, South Australia, and Japan. Mrs. Colonel Bailey is a Canadian, and her three children were born, if I mistake not, in three different continents. Mrs. Bailey is a daughter of a Canadian minister."

The ten given on a recent Thursday night, at our Blackfriars Shelter, was royal—the men called it "sumptuous." The night outside was as dismal as the worst of this month, and only those who have been in camps can tell in what this signifies. Inside the Shelter five hundred men, who, but for it would have been—the majority of them—homeless, were warm, happy and smiling. It was the night of their annual feed, and there came to it the Staff of the City Colony, and many friends of Lazarus, including Mr. Milliholland, one of the stars in the journalistic whirlpool of New York City. The men had a delightful time.



Lord Radstock, well known in the religious world in Europe, attended and addressed one of the meetings in the Paris Salle des fêtes.

The South Division is doing good work. A great many soldiers were enrolled in that Division on the first of January.

Commissioner Booth-Hellberg intends to open shortly in Paris a night shelter for men and another charitable institution.

In a little Swiss town eight young men, who, for a long time, had been troubling the meetings, surrendered to Jesus. It was a great victory.

Ensign Hall, the Salvationist Colporteur, is scouring the country, in-

war. The officers and Salvationists separate, each entering into conversation (not argument) with the people—a sight to be relished by bayonet-loving Salvationists. At length someone rises, smiles, bows, moves toward the front as if to European eyes—he was to extend congratulations to the officer, but he kneels, and prays, and be-lieves, and is saved.

"If I were asked to say what substantial good God had enabled us to do for Japan, I should point to our forty-four officers, thirty-one of whom are native-born. They have developed in every way, and understand the genius, purpose, and regulations of the Army as well as any I have met. All they lack is experience, and that will follow in time.

"Then you have to live with them to appreciate their devotion, self-denial, and love for sinners. Some of these thirty-one will often spend nights in prison, and go to the confessional to wrestle in spirit with the Holy Ghost for that Calvary zeal and mission, without which it is impossible to dispel the spiritual and moral darkness of any land, but especially an Eastern."

"The Japanese officers love the Army. They revere and adore their General, and sigh many a prayer that he may visit them before he goes up above the skies. The Army is the hope of the country. This is not merely our opinion: it is the frankly-admitted conviction of those who have lived longer in the country.

"We have ample liberty to prosecute our work in town and village, where

member of the Church, but I do love the Salvation Army, for they have done wonders for my poor boy, and I shall always say, 'God bless the Salvation Army!'"

Referring to the village of Poyedu, South India, a letter from Brigadier Yest Ratnam, just come to hand says, "All the people in the village being now Salvationists, the old heathen temple was publicly taken over, and the idol destroyed. The people in the Temple represented the village and god and goddess. Armed with iron cow-bars and rice-pounds, Major Hira Singh and Major Fryer, and myself, amid the enthusiastic haldehals of the soldiers, made short work of them. We hope, with some alterations, to turn the place into an officers' quarters. Read Psalm H. 8."

Oddments.

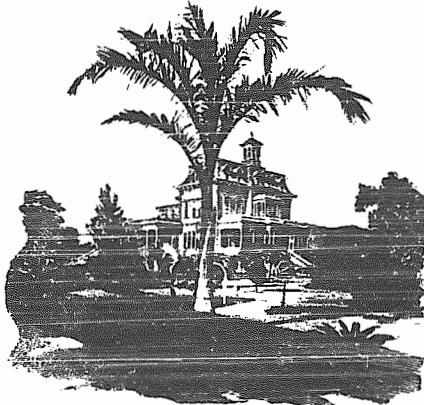
The Marchion's Belgium Campaign has been owned of God. The meetings have been attended by crowds, who were mightily taken hold of. At Quarregnon ten souls came out publicly for salvation. At Charleroi, Miss D., sister of the Editor and proprietor of an independent newspaper, who was captured in the last campaign of the Marchion's, was publicly sworn at as a soldier. Last night at Marchionnes souls came out crying for salvation.

A special winter campaign, now in full swing in Finland, is producing some truly inspiring results. The first fortnight saw nearly four hundred souls at the penitent form, an average of ten per corps. Our special "Day of Souls," in which the three Helsingfors corps took part, was crowned with fifty-four souls at the Cross. Out of twenty-six souls won at another corps, twenty-one regularly turn up at the monthly meetings and are giving promise of becoming good soldiers.

Staff-Capt. Gordon, who has just been promoted to the rank of Major, resides in Florence. It is said he possesses the largest collection of Salvation Army photographs of any officer on the Continent. He is an authority on the lantern, and his lectures to the Italians of the Army are a useful tail-piece to our operations in Italy.

Commissioner McKie reports that there has been a truly wonderful change in the attitude of the public of Cologne since the opening of the salvation corps in that town. The newspapers have spoken very highly of the effort. A free dinner, given to a number of poor people on the occasion of the Emperor's birthday, was also very favorably commented upon by the Press.

Each Can Do Something.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, HONOLULU, S. I.

Brigadier Pearce has visited the corps under his command. His trip was most successful. He came back to his quarters convinced that the war is progressing rapidly in the country. He entertains great hopes for the near future.

The calendar sold by the Buenos Ayres Headquarters has been in great demand. It represents the Cross and the S. A. Colors, and contains a fine cut of our General. The calendar is printed in five colors.

We have twelve corps and six outposts, two of which are self-supporting. The roots of the organization are sinking into the minds of the soldiers as well, and, as we have said a few minutes ago, sir, be patient and support them, and you will see what you will see."

And with renewed salutations to each other's "honorable and august presence," we separate.



Commissioner Higgins writes that the distress caused by the famine in India is terrible in the extreme, and begs Uncle Paul, of the English War Cry, to say just one word: That a shilling a week from one hundred subscribers for a few weeks, could save so many lives, and preach a more powerful discourse on the glories of Christianity to a heathen world than a hundred and tons of tracts, and even Bibles, which only the educated are able to read.

"Our position as a whole is—what?" "Encouraging from whatever point you look at it. The Army is, and will be for some time, in the infantile stage of its growth, unmeasured growth. "Visit a Japan hall. There are no seats, or next to none. The audience sit in and out as if the proceedings were a novelty at a fair. The people squat on the floor. We testify, read, explain, apply, sing, pray, plead. Then comes the tug-of-

war. The urgent appeals on behalf of the famine-stricken in India have brought forth many touching instances of self-denial on the part of the people in very humble circumstances. One dear woman, in addition to the shillings to Mrs. Booth, writes, "I am a poor woman with a husband afflicted for twelve years, but, thanks be to God, I have never wanted bread for my poor children. It makes my heart ache to read of the miseries of the poor Indians in your papers. I am a

—D. L. Moody.

THE SOLDIERS' BUREAU

INTEREST

INSTRUCTION

INTELLIGENCE

Terse Topics.

OUR OLD EVER-NEW ATTRACTION.

The closing of Reconciliation Week brings us to the fortnight which the Stoic sets apart for desperate soul-saving. This should be for every soldier the centre of the campaign. This is the field wherein the most triumphant victories for God and the Flag may be gained; this is the day and the hour for the deliverance of sin's captive; this is the opportunity to prove our love to the Cross and loyalty to the cause and to increase our own capacity to bless and save. Does any soldier-veteran, sadly behind the times, suggest that this is no new work after all—that soul-saving is always an object and work? To such we would say that the exhaustless possibilities of this aim offer ample means for new efforts, new enthusiasm and fresh results. The need is as great as ever. Blood-bought souls as precious, men dying as fast, the Savior still waiting to save, the chance to win Heaven's Victoria Cross is ours—and ours now.

RED-HOT.

I know of nothing that marks out our Salvation Army people more than being red-hot. You say that this is a truism, and perhaps it is so; but it is a truism that we cannot be too often reminded of.

I once met a young man whose experience was for a long time an up-and-down one. He had been at one time a full-uniformed bandsman, and at one period Bandmaster; but the testing-time came, and he would not pay the price; as a result he went down. He frequently came forward, and I believe he sincerely desired to be of some use to God; but he was not willing to come to open-air or wear uniform, and as a result he was and I believe still is, one of those back-seat soldiers, whose presence is not an inspiration to an officer, and whose criticisms are often of a discouraging character. The secret of his wretched failure—and are not such failures in these the most wretched of all?—lay in his unwillingness to be desperate. "When I was red-hot," I once heard him say, and "when I was red-hot" is still the first thought that comes to my mind whenever I think of him now.

"Thou hast a name to live, and art dead," was a very terrible denunciation by the beloved Apostle; but of thousands of Christians I am much afraid this is true.

Comrades, we need your earnestness—your red-hot spirit—and we are unable to get on without it.

As soldiers we know our best ammunition is to be had from God alone, and is just in proportion to the time and attention we give to his directions that our firing will be hot and deadly on desolute and ineffective.

Our fighting against sin is a soldier's battle; full private or officer, we have all one share. Let us make up our minds that our corner of the battlefield will be one of the hottest—Maurie Whitlow, in British Cry.

(To be continued.)

The Lesson of the Little Fish.

A preacher, meeting a Salvation Army lass in the street, said to her in a jocular style: "If God will do you really imagine that God can keep a little girl from sin in this world?" She hesitated while he waited for an answer. "Can God keep a little fish in the salt sea from getting salted?" he asked. "Oh," replied the preacher, "that's a natural phenomenon." "And His keeping me from sin is a spiritual phenomenon" was the prompt answer.

A Solitary Soldier's Story.

"It is a disgrace, I repeat, Rachel. It is a positive disgrace! As if your absurd objection to the dancing class was not sufficient, you must bring these dreadful papers here!"

"Mother," the girl's voice was tremulous, but determined, "if you knew what these pages told—"

"There's one comfort," went on the indignant lady, unabashedly, "you'll find no respectable cottage in our village to accept a copy."

A new, and to the mother, disagreeable independence seemed to have taken possession of her previously dutiful daughter, for Rachel answered, an almost twinkle in her eye:

"I should not attempt giving them away. I can't afford it, and the practice would pauperize the people. I shall sell them."

"Sell them?" The Principal of Hexton's "Ladies' Collegiate" nearly screamed. "Is my daughter to turn news-vendor for the Salvation Army? Really, Rachel, I am almost inclined to suggest you return to your Salvation friends in the city, and I will engage—

Frances Schmidt, of that charming advertisement, to take your place. Think of our pupils' reputation. Besides," here the hangdog tone faltered,

"you and I, Rachel, were always one in our search for truth. Here you left me to struggle alone, and satisfied you were in this mire of war?"

"It is no myth, mother," said Rachel, "my old doubts and problems seem rather to be shadows now. The God of the Salvation Army has become a reality to me, and I can't help doing what, to you, looks incomprehensible to bring the villagers to realize Him too."

A month since Rachel would have discredited the truthfulness of anyone who had dared to prophesy her ever giving vent to such a speech. That three weeks' visit to the city had wrought a radical change in the timid little governess. Though she knew it, she was already a "Hallelujah lass." The transformation took place in a wonderful Salvation Army meeting at the city corps, when, at the pentient form, Rachel resolved to put into practical effect the beautiful motto painted up in the barracks, and "Let God have all His own way" with her.

Returning to her village home, its spiritual apathy struck her for the first time. She determined to disturb its dangerous serenity, if possible, to pray for a parcel of War Crys, not without some smothered flutterings of heart. Her mother's indiginition looked like the lowering of the expected storm.

As soldiers we know our best ammunition is to be had from God alone, and is just in proportion to the time and attention we give to his directions that our firing will be hot and deadly on desolute and ineffective.

Our fighting against sin is a soldier's battle; full private or officer, we have all one share. Let us make up our minds that our corner of the battlefield will be one of the hottest—Maurie Whitlow, in British Cry.

The Week's Ammunition.

SUNDAY.—To know the love of Christ—John III. 10.

"Dost thou not know that as I have said to you—Wilt thou not say—this may be—but that is not the whole truth?"

"Thy great measure lies in this."

MONDAY.—Love one another—John III. 14, 15.

"Peoples of the world are many. Though the language is but one; Study all you can of any. While life's powers school hours run."

TUESDAY.—Confidence ye in My Word—John V. 10.

"Because in His love we are never more lonely; Because we will live for Him ever and only."

WEDNESDAY.—Love is of God—John V. 4.

"It is a blessed gift. Not shown by all alike—the power to love; And no less blessed for proportioned pain. It is very seal 'tis royal crown of thorns."

THURSDAY.—I have loved you, saith the Lord—Mal. I. 2.

"Rest in quiet joy on this; Greater love hath none than His; And may this thy blessing be; Love to Him Who loveth thee."

FRIDAY.—We love Him, because He first loved us—1. John IV. 19.

"Tis but a feeble effort of His great love to you.

Yet in His ear each note is clear; the

harmony is true."

SATURDAY.—The love of Christ constraineth us—II Cor. V. 14.

"Thy cross and passion, and Thy precious death.

While I have mortal breath,

Shall be my spring of love, and work

and praise.

The life of all my days."

Swiss Soldiers.

"I went into a confectioner's shop at Berne, to get a cup of tea," said an Auxiliary, "and, to my surprise, noticed an Army shield on the girl who served me."

"You a Salvationist? I suppose? Oh yes, monsieur, praise God—I and four more here. We are going to hear our General tonight, and, looking round and spying a sergeant, evidently returning from the annual march—now who had just entered, he said, 'He is converted.' And so we all stood and rejoiced, and the shop seemed filled with glory."

Patent Remedies.

If you are getting lazy, wear a cross. If your faith is below par, read the Word. If you are impatient, sit down and pray and have a talk with Job. If you are just a little strong-headed, go and see Moses. If you are getting wearied-out, take a look at Elijah. If there is no song in your heart, listen to David. If you are getting sordid, spend a while with Isaiah. If you feel chilly, get the beloved disciple to put his arms around you. If you are losing sight of the future, climb up to Revelation, and get a glimpse of the Promised Land.

Maxims from Men of Mark.

"Many years ago," says Commissioner Booth-Tucker, "I made up my mind that I would do as God told me the first time. He asked me, and He has helped me never to go back on that resolution."

—|—|—

"If you do not wear your crown, no one else can ever wear it. An open enemy or a false friend may take it from you, but they cannot wear it in your stead."—Commissioner Ralston.

—|—|—

"No one has ever had an opportunity given to them that they have not also had the chance of missing. Look out!"—Commissioner Ralston.

What a Soldier Should Know

There Need be No Drunks.

In the Salvation Army there is work suited for persons of every capacity, age, and station. Soldiers should take every chance of speaking in the barracks or in the open-air, praying in the meetings, selling War Crys, visiting the saloons, inviting people to the barracks, visiting the sick, or the like.

What to Do Where There are Wards.

A soldier should take special interest in the Ward in which he lives; he should ask for the direction of his Sergeant as to what he can do for the salvation of those within it, and, following the sufficient direction, should do his best according to his own judgment, relying upon God for guidance and help.

What to Do Where There are Not.

In places where the Ward system has not been established or kept up, a soldier should, notwithstanding, take special interest in the streets nearest his home, and carry out some definite plan of operation for the good of the people.

A Soldier's Duty at all Times.

It is the duty of every soldier to labor always to bring fresh people to the Army services, to convict of sin and lead to God all unsaved persons, and especially to follow up, and persistently labor for, the salvation of notorious sinners.

ON BOTH KNEES.

William Dawson once told this story to illustrate how humble the soul must be before it can find peace. He said that at a revival meeting a little lad who was used to Methodist ways went home to his mother and said, "Mother, John So-and-So is under conviction and seeking for peace, but he will not find it to-night."

"Why, William?" said she. "Because he is only down on one knee, mother, and he will never get peace until he is down on both knees." Until conviction of sin brings us down on both knees, until we are completely humbled, until we have no hope in ourselves left, we cannot find the Saviour.—D. L. Moody.

Curious: "Why do you wear uniform?"

Salvationist: "That you may ask me why."

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Territorial Headquarters,
Cape Town,
January 16th, 1900.

Although just now things are comparatively quiet all along the borders, the general opinion seems to be that it is only the calm that precedes a storm.

Thank God, we of the Salvation Army here in South Africa are realizing more and more our responsibilities towards the combatants of both forces. In the positions, fighting, self-denying labors of our officers, now and the front especially among the sick, wounded, and dying are becoming increasingly recognized, appreciated, and acknowledged. It is an unfortunate fact, but one for which we are in no way responsible, that ever since the outbreak of hostilities, in October last, scarcely a line has reached us from any of our comrades now engaged with the Boer forces, beyond the very welcome communication recently received from Staff-Capt. Clark, to which reference has already been made. We have, therefore, to be content mainly with rumor, all of which we are told is that in various directions the Salvation Army is well represented within the Boer lines.

It is certain, however—and it should be specially mentioned—that nearly the whole of our Afrikaner officers, both in Cape Colony and in Natal have relatives among the Boer forces, and some of these are known to have been killed, wounded, or taken prisoner. For these comrades the utmost sympathy is felt, and was demonstrated to the full at our recent Territorial Congress in Cape Town, from the Commissioner downwards; and as we are all one in Christ Jesus, and members of the same family, we feel sure that those officers will be remembered in the prayers of every War Cry reader who sees these lines.

Among British and Boer alike our Officers are proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation wherever and whenever the opportunity presents itself. As matters now stand, however, we are necessarily brought more in touch

With the Imperial Troops,

among whom our devoted Leaguers are turning up in ever-increasing numbers with the arrival of fresh regiments. A large proportion of these—indeed, perhaps the largest proportion in no way isolated—are those at Modder River and locality. Here Major Swain and Ensign Scott have been notably engaged for some weeks in a blessed work with most encouraging results.

The Major paid a flying visit to Cape Town for the Territorial Congress a few days ago, whereupon our Correspondent interviewed him as follows :

"Well, Major, any adventures to recount?"

"Yes, more than time would admit of my telling at present. Amongst many others we spent a night in the guard-room, and another by the side of a transport wagon on the field. On our arrival at Modder River we had a most interesting experience. Our tent-poles, in some cases disengaged during the journey, and after detaching and carrying our luggage about two miles, from the place where the train stopped to the camp, we found ourselves, towards evening, homeless. We cast about for a place to sleep, and found an old disused room, the windows of which had been smashed, and the door and

Walls Perforated with Bullets.

"Here we slept two days and nights, until we found the shaft of a cart, and made a tent-pole of the same, and now once more got under canvas. Our adventures were not finished even then, as we found out during the first thunderstorm, when the tent was torn past repair, came down with a crash, and left us in the night half-unkempt, with the rain coming down in torrents. However, we got shelter for the remainder of the night, and when a friend saw us in the morning breakfasting under a cart, he took pity on us and lent us a tent for the time being."

"How many Leaguers have you in camp?"

"A few weeks ago we had about thirty-six, but at the battle of Magersfontein we lost five, so that, we now number thirty-one, but others are fast

arriving. Of course, these are not all in one place—they are made up of comrades from various regiments, and consequently, extend over a good bit of ground."

And the spiritual condition of the Leaguers?"

"I have been very much impressed with the Leaguers I came across. They are not only good Christians, but sterling Salvato-Christians, and they are

Respected by Their Comrades

for their on-and-off-the-pess. A soldier does not like shams in religion, and is very quick to detect that which is unreal, but unsaved men have many times testified to the soundness of the religion of Salvationists and Leaguers with whom they associate every day."

out to the last battle. On his return he said to me, 'You have had a small while in my mind the whole of the time I have been away, and during the engagements, when bullets were coming thick and fast around me, you last words, "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee, the Lord cause His face to shine upon thee, and give thee peace," were always present, and,' added this comrade, 'Glory be to God. He did it!'"

"Have you been in any engagements?"

"We were with the troops at the

Battle of Magersfontein.

and were able to render assistance with the wounded and to some who, though not wounded, were thoroughly exhausted by the heat and exposure."

"What about ambulance work?"

"We have been privileged to take part in this also by assisting the wounded and out of the trains and the hospitals provided for their

"Now that it is known throughout the country that the Salvation Army is here, the men flock to our meetings. An open-air here in camp is a sight not easily forgotten. Each means an audience of about three hundred. The men seem eager to hear the truth, and openly acknowledge that they have been blessed. We loan the troops song books and pick the songs that are mostly known, and it is beautiful to hear the men sing. The men have left us addresses of their wives and relatives to write in the event of their being killed. The Christians have told us some wonderful escapes which they have had whilst their comrades have been falling around them. They thank God for His goodness! Our tent has been flooded out for two days. This makes it uncomfortable for sleeping on the ground. Our Leaguers in camp are always willing to testify and speak for the Master among their companions. A beautiful spirit prevails among them."

All our officers on the Natal side are in good health and spirits. Adj'tant Murray is pezzing away in the interest of our Leaguers and troops generally in and about Pietermaritzburg. Major Smith is bravely fighting on in his Division (Natal and Zululand) under exceptional difficulties, loyally and cheerfully supported by his officers. In a letter just to hand the Major says, "No part of the country has suffered more than fair Natal. Even now her beautiful fields are the arena of the contending forces, and any moment another bloody battle may be fought.

How Long, O Lord?"

Next week our Commissioner will be paying his first visit to Natal and Zululand, and his presence will be heartily welcomed, and will, no doubt, be a means of inspiration and encouragement to our far-distant comrades.

The Congress was an unqualified success, though the compulsory absence of many dear comrades was greatly regretted. Officers have returned to their camps in splendid spirits, baptized with the love of Calvary, and more determined than ever to fight and conquer every step of the way. It would be idle to deny that the fight is exceeding hard; this fact may be better imagined by our readers than described by your correspondent. Yes, we are being sorely "hit"—as the British Cry put it the other week, but never in the history of the Salvation Army here in South Africa have comrades manifested a more resolute spirit, and never was our trust and confidence in God, or our loyalty and devotion to our General and the dear old Flag, more perfect than now. At this, the beginning of a new year, we can therefore joyfully shout "Hallelujah!" and we shall "keep believing"—G. Stevens.

The Modern Mother and Her Son,

She Is Too Busy Setting the World Right to Teach Him Great Truths.

"A man learns his politics and opinions from his father and other men, but his religion from his mother," writes an American Mother, in the February Ladies' Home Journal. "No violation can quite kill the faith which abides in his soul when he kneels, a little child, at his knee every night, or when he is hushed to sleep on her breast, while she sang that sweet story of old, when Jesus was here among men." In earlier times in this country a mother had little work outside of her house and children. She watched her boy day and night to keep him near to God and out of the devil's clutches. It was she who told him of the Babe and the Cross out of the Old Book which lay on the table beside her bed. He saw her turn to it when she was happy, when she was wretched, when she was old and dying. So it came that there was nothing more to her than man's eyes as he watched her die, and her Saviour. But that woman had long ago died and buried. The modern mother talks of her as of some coarse animal, whose ignoble life was starved out in a cage. Her own feet are set in a large room. Her horizon takes in the world. She manages political caucuses, civic affairs, countless domestic and foreign missions. Art, literature, society, and helpless humanity claim her. She rises every morning knowing that a hatched old world is waiting for her to set it right."

QUAINT ILLUSTRATED RHYMES.—No. 2.



"Base Error shinks and trembles with affright,
When Truth descends, arrayed in heavenly light."

"Is there plenty of room for the Salvation Army in the camp?"

"Decidedly. 1. In my humble estimation the Salvation Army is the organization best able to do individual visitation and deal with these men about spiritual things. 2. A large proportion of the men in camp (quite apart from our Leaguers) have been regular attendants at the various Salvation Army barracks in the Old Country, and have for the most part attended none else except when paraded.

"They are our people, and it would be wrong if we were not on the spot to minister to their eternal welfare. 3. Even with all the work that is being done, there are still portions of the camp practically untouched, or, at all events, only get a service or meeting on rare occasions."

"And the value of your work?"

"It is always a difficult matter to set any value on one's work, but from the men's standpoint I can answer best by quoting the testimony of one of the Christian ladies (not a Salvationist) who attended our Sunday morning meeting on the day the troops went

reception. At Orange River, whilst I was assisting to get the men out of the hospital train, Ensign Scott became stretcher-bearer, and helped to carry the men to the hospital. We worked at this far into the night."

"Has not hospital visitation had some attention from you?"

"Whenever there have been any wounded in the hospital we have made it our business to visit them regularly, and have thus been able to give comfort and spiritual consolation to both the British and the Boers who have been for the time being in camp. These visits have been much appreciated by both sides, and they have looked forward to our coming again."

"One more question, Major: Are you returning to the front?"

"Most certainly! I only came down for the Congress, and all being well I

Return to Modder River

to-night, to be ready to proceed with the division throughout the campaign."

• • •

Writing from the camp of the Third Division, Lieut. Warwick says:

GAZETTE.

APPOINTMENTS—

ADT. HOLMAN, of Toronto, Rescue Home, to St. John, N. B., Rescue Home.

ADT. JOST, of the St. John, N. B., Rescue Home, to the Halifax Rescue Home.

MRS. ENSIGN PAYNE, of the Hamilton Rescue Home, to the Ottawa Rescue Home.

MARRIAGE

Capt. Adam Lorimer, who came out of Westville, N. S., to Capt. Bassie Campbell, who came out of St. John's, N. B., on January 18th, at Carleton, N. B., by Major Plecking.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.



DEFINITION: Publishing Board, Committee of the Salvation Army in the United Kingdom, Bermuda, the North-Western States of America, and Alaska; by John M. Temple, 1895.

All communications relating to the contents of the War Cry, or contributions for publication in its pages, or inquiries about it, should be addressed to John M. Temple, 1895.

All communications in matters relating to subscriptions, donations, and changes of address, should be addressed to the General Secretary, 1895.

All Cheques, P. O., and Express Orders should be made payable to John M. Temple, 1895.

All manuscripts to be written in ink or typewritten, and on one side of the paper only, in a clear, legible hand. All manuscripts, when written matter intended for publication can be sent at the rate of ONE CENT postage per two ounces, if enclosed in a double envelope or open wrapper and marked "Printers Copy."

chance you will give God to do it. He will show Himself strong on your behalf, and a mighty awakening will be the consequence. Pray!

"The Scarlet Thread."

Miss Booth presents in this edition the first part of her powerful address, "The Scarlet Thread," in print. The Commissioner has added to it the story as represented in the various scenes. The thousands of our readers who were unable to be present at the Masson Hall will be pleased at this opportunity to read what they were unable to hear and see for themselves, and, in view of the fact that Miss Booth will reproduce the scenic service in various places our announcement on this page the War Cry readers residing in the places to be visited will be glad to have an opportunity of receiving from the article some idea as to what they may expect. The title, "The Scarlet Thread," is an excellent choice, and its application is pointed and powerful. The article will not fail to prove of exceptional fascination to the reader, while the scenic service will amply show how successfully the subject can be adapted to such presentation.

HEADQUARTERS' HAPPENINGS.

Lient.-Colonel Mrs. Read specialised at Yorkville on Sunday, and reports successful meetings and three seekers.

V V V

Major Turner, who has been to New York on a visit, arrived home on Saturday. He reports having had a good time.

V V V

Staff-Capt. Archibald is just about to be again around. He conducts his first meeting this week, since his illness.

V V V

The alterations to the Temple are now completed. Large letters have been put up on the front of the Temple, reading as follows: "The Salvation Army Territorial Headquarters."

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Capt. Edwards, of the Faru, is at present on furlough.

V V V

Brigadier and Mrs. Pugmire and family are moving to Montreal this week.

V V V

Major and Mrs. Smeeton specialised at Dovercourt on Sunday. Staff-Capt. Manton assisted. One soul came out for salvation.

V V V

Every member of the Trade Headquarters' Staff is a Local Officer at one of the city corps. One of them (Major Horn) is Treasurer at River-side, while the remaining three are S.M.'s.

V V V

The General Secretary visited Ligar-St. last Sunday morning, in company with Staff-Capt. Stanton, and spent a good time. At night Richmond St. was favored. There was a good crowd and one seeker.

THE WEEK.

February 20th, 1900.

THE WAR.

The situation in South Africa has undergone a great change during the week. General Botha has made a rapid progress by clearing the bank of the Tugela River, to the east of Chieveley, of the Boer troops, taking several camps, a wagon load of ammunition and a few prisoners. The Boer forces around Ladysmith appear to be weakening on account of the Free Staters being drawn to the defence of their own country. — The operations in northern Cape Colony are on the see-saw plan; the Boers have forced the British to retire from Rensberg, and the British have taken possession of Dordrecht. 140 Wilts-quires were captured by the Boers at Rensberg. — Twenty Australians were surrounded by Boers and their horses were taken. — The most striking news comes from Kimberley. Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener are personally directing operations. General French, with a mounted force of 9,000, made a wide sweep to the east through the Orange Free State, and entered Kimberley on Feb. 16th, which had been besieged for 123 days. Five Boer brigades and nearly 100 wagons of provisions, ammunition and rifles, and 2,000 sheep, were captured. The Boers

abandoned their strong position at Magersfontein, and are in full retreat towards Bloemfontein, and are led by British, a column of 200 wagons, 600 tons of stores and several thousand sheep, which were intended for Kimberley, were captured by the Boers on their way crossing the Riet River. — General Cronje, who commanded the Boer forces besieging Kimberley, seems to be at large in an unknown direction, probably to the north of Kimberley. — General Roberts has made Jacobsdal his headquarters. This town is in the Orange Free State. — General Roberts has issued a proclamation to the Free State Burgars, calling upon them to lay down their arms, and assuring them that private property will be respected, and paid for when requisitioned for military purposes. The heat during a fight near Dordrecht, Feb. 12th, was so great that four officers and 32 men had to return by wagon to camp. — Lieutenant-General French has been promoted to the rank of Major-General in recognition of his brilliant stroke.

— It has been decided to encourage and assist the Zulus in repelling the invasion of their country by the Boers.

— Lord Roberts praises the excellent hospital arrangements at Jacobsdal.

— Commandant Pretorius, who was wounded at Eland's Langt and taken prisoner, has been returned to the Boers.

THE INDIAN FAMINE.

The famine in India is assuming enormous proportions. A letter from a missionary states, "Here at Valada, and within three miles of us, there are eight thousand persons on the relief works. It was only two weeks ago that there were less than three thousand. The distress is rapidly growing extreme. There is large suffering from cold at nights. The people are not only clothless, but almost ragless. The wretchedness is terrible, but still worse is the emaciation. Living skeletons in abundance are in evidence on every side. The village clock tells us that many children are dying. The campsite too far gone to live. Many and indeed many have also died here. The only reason given is the lack of food. This famine is undoubtedly far more severe in these parts than that of 1873 or 1896. One of the worst features is the lack of water. Rivers usually flowing full at this time are dry beds of sand. The well that watered our garden and has never failed since my father came here, almost 45 years ago, is dry. Government officers tell me that the Indian Government looks with the greatest apprehension on the famine. It already feels unable to cope with it, so great are its dimensions and proportions, at the very opening, and without any doubt for nine months more the famine must rage. Undoubtedly private philanthropy must supply great help in this famine, far greater than in the first famine, if millions in these and other parts of India are to be saved from starvation."

CANADIAN ITEMS.

Four people were killed by a C.P.R. train crossing near The River, P. Q. — An outbreak of smallpox caused consternation at Toronto Junction. — Quebec also suffers from a smallpox epidemic. — Lieutenant-Colonel Herton, commanding the Canadian militia, has resigned.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The reported mutiny of black troops, in the Soudan, does not appear to have been of importance. — Egyptian financial accounts, for 1899, show a sum of \$1,600,000. — Prince Henry of Prussia has returned to Berlin from China. — Two elephants broke loose in the Crystal Palace, London, and killed two men, causing a panic. — The plague is gaining ground at Manila. 43 genuine cases have been discovered, resulting in 32 deaths.

FIELD MARSHAL.
LORD ROBERTS.

In Command of
British Forces
in South Africa.



THE COMMISSIONER

WILL VISIT

MONTRÉAL, CENTENARY CHURCH,
POINT ST. CHARLES,

On Friday, March 9th,
AND DELIVER HER FAMOUS ADDRESS,

"MISS BOOTH IN RAGS."

GREAT SALVATION MEETINGS

WINDSOR HALL, Sunday, March 11, Afternoon and Evening

"THE SCARLET THREAD."

MISS BOOTH will conduct Her New Scenic Service in the following Cities:

Hamilton, Association Hall — Friday, March 2.

St. Catharines, Opera House, Saturday, " 3.

(Salvation Meetings on Sunday, March 4.)

Montreal - - - Monday, March 12.

Kingston - - - Tuesday, " 13.

Peterboro - - - Wednesday, " 14.

"The Scarlet Thread."

BY EVANGELINE BOOTH, FIELD COMMISSIONER.

LEGENDARY lore has handed down to us the touching fable of the maz'den's maze. The story describes an immense labyrinth of bewildering paths, the interlacings of which were so intricate that their turnings and twistings presented an endless tangle. The maze had but one inlet, which served as entrance and exit for all whose feet were forced across its fatal threshold, and many were the human sacrifices made yearly of fair maidens, who, apart from being unable to find their way back through the locked mystery of passages, blind alleys and alcoves, became the helpless prey of the monarch of the maze—a monster, half-brute and half-man.

Enthralled by the apprehension of a hidden evil, a fair young hand thrust back the gate. The roses blooming upon the beckoning bushes seemed but the funeral garlands of the unknown tombs of those who had passed in before her. Overwhelmed by the conviction that her fate could be none the better, she hesitated, when her lover, springing to her side, thrust within her hand a small ball of scarlet thread, and while pressing a burning kiss upon her faltering lips, whispered that the twine was fastened to the entrance, and, if retarded by her woe, lay a scarlet line by which she could trace her way back to safety. The girl carried it with her, unravelling it as she went, and in one of the darkest and most perplexing points of the maze, attached it to a rugged piece of rock, causing her fingers to bleed in making it secure. Then, having left the red line of deliverance for all other captives, she followed the scarlet thread out, and was saved.

* * *

Away, away, penetrating the gloom of earth's dark sky, there broke the light of angels' faces—dislacing the breathless silence of an Eastern night there came a rustling of angels' wings—cloaking the darkness of Bethlehem's hills there fell the sheen of angels' raiment, and vibrating o'er mountain and valley, cliff and rock, forest and prairie, desert and garden, hut and palace there thrilled the exquisite harmonies of angels' song, heralding the dawn of a lost world's hope.

Jesus entered the maze—and was there ever such a maze presented to the gentle tread of any feet as that of this world: its multifarious paths of thorn, and stone, and steep, crossing and re-crossing, its tangled forests of contradictory theories, its fountains of debase sweets, its wastes of want, hunger and pain, its blind alleys of despair and woe, its weary climbs of suffering, its rapid declines leading to the grave?

With the light of vacated glory still lingering around Him, He passed beneath the shadows of our world's darkness, bringing from the hand of Omnipotence the "Scarlet Thread" of God's love, woven of Divine passion, in the loom of sacrifice, at the cost of heaven's loss, and God's agony. And, as the girl of the legend carried her thread through the perplexing paths of the maze, so Christ carried the cord of redeeming love through all the paths of life's bewildering ways in which men are lost—forever lost—and in which thousands of mortal and immortal sacrifices have been made.

He carried it through the lacerations of a whole world's bereavement when, for the widow of Nain, He wiped all her tears away. He fastened it in every orphan's home when He gave to Mary and Martha the tender protection of His eternal friendship: He dropped it in the passage of all the un-loved and condemned when He threw wide the gates of redemption's flood right in the doorway of the wretched rent-collector, Zacchaeus; He flung it over the heated pillow of every hospital couch, furnishing indescribable soothings when with the chronic invalid at the pool of Bethesda; He threw it into the playgrounds of all childhood when He gathered the little soft cheeks to His bosom and stroked the pretty hair; He ran it down the melancholy corridors of every jail, and twisted it round the cold bars of every cell when He forgave the arrested thief on Calvary; He carried the crimson line through the blackest waters of a soul's pollution and threw it within reach of every outcast of society when He allowed a sinner to wash His feet with her tears and dry them with the abundance of her defenseless head; He stretched it across the waters of deepest human sorrow, where the spade which opens the earth seems to dig into every heart, making everlasting holes there, when He stood where they had lain the remains of His friend Lazarus, and wept: He carried it down, down to the most perplexing point of the journey, where the

tangles of life's sins and mistakes gather thickest, where, of all Time's ways it is the narrowest, where the briars of conflicting questions are the sharpest, where the mists of uncertainty and doubt hang the lowest, where the seas of life in an unaccountably-returning tide surge up against the shores of eternity, and where the incline is so steep that when the pointsman, Death, shunts the soul, the body is forced ever so many feet into the ground—THE GRAVE. Oh, is there no lamp to brighten the path of this maze, no power to take the sting from the blow of this hand? Yes, here's Jesus, with the scarlet thread of conquering love. He passes through its black, gaping jaws, and, on Golgotha's hill, with blood on His hands, and spikes in His feet, and thorns on His temples, a spear in His side, and a world's sorrow on His heart, He fastens it upon the eternal Rock of Ages, sealing it with the drip, drip, drip of His own blood. The grave could not bind Him, the guards could not hold Him, the disciples could not keep Him, for He had destroyed the power of life's mightiest monster, and made a way out from its blackest abyss, leaving for the dying saint the triumph:

*"O grave! where is thy victory!
O death! where is thy sting!"*

Oh, I wish I could tell you what an agonizing undertaking it was—the fastening of the scarlet thread, all it cost, and all suffered, for your finding not see it now as a beacon light across the dark horizon of sin's starless night? It calls to you this way to the Rock—this way, broken-hearted mothers, for hope; this way, little, lost children, who, with distorted consciences, do wrong for right—this way for the true light! This way, young hearts and heads which bend, and at last break 'neath the blows of others' wrongs; this way for all adjustment and perfect healing; this way, ye men and women, who, overtaken in Time with the condemnations and damnations of sin, find life too hard to live; this way for cleansing, pardon, deliverance—the way of "The Scarlet Thread."

* * *

To me one of the most fascinating characteristics of the religion of the Salvation Army is its generosity—there is such a measureless "whosoever will" about it, such boundlessness in its themes, such an abundance in its faith, such a wholesale world-wide ness in its invitations, such a ringing across waste and over billow, sounding in tropical climates and arctic regions, in the houses of the rich and the hovels of the poor, a call to all men.

A little ragged boy, with bare feet and torn jacket, left his seat at the back of one of our halls, and approached the officer on the platform, who, on this beautiful Sunday morning had just concluded his address based upon that gem in the Bible casket, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." His closing remarks had pointed out the exceptional blessings and privileges crowning God's children. The little lad, confronting the speaker, respectfully lifting his grimy finger to the brim of his crownless hat, said: "Say, guy'nor, I'd like to be one of them there chillun' o' God's, if I ain't too small, and I think my poor mother would like to be one of them there chillun', too, if she ain't too big." None too small, none too big, none too poor, none too rich, none too wretched, I recommend. To me, it is captivating.

Salvation for all men, hope for all men, faith for all men, love for all men, restoration for all men, benedictions for all men, the open gates of heaven for all men—for "The Scarlet Thread" is for all.

I.

THE fitful glow of the dying fire cast fantastic and gloomy shadows into the court yard and filled it with cold and melancholy gloom. Upon the little lonely figure, curred in the corner of the lounge, She had no heart to light the lamp—the light of her life was burning too low. She was alone—a six weeks' bride. Oh, that inangible something which minches the spirit when one is deceived in all that the fond heart wished true, that fragile cloak which wraps its gloom around what was to be brightest and best, and one sees their chadlest aspirations pall-bearers, carrying the remains of dead hopes. I think the best word we have for all this chilling and killing which comes in this in-

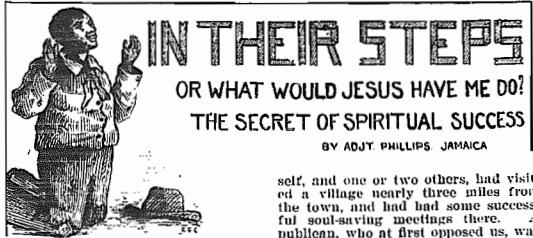
tangible something is "disappointment."

Jack Hurst was not where the lights blazed high, he was where the lights blazed high for the deluding of some into delusion and darkness, for others, the joy of young men, for others their first step to ruin. The dubious glitter of wild society had already diminished the charms of his young wife's presence, and while she nestled in the dark chambers of a Parisian hotel, he was ensnared in the dangerous fascinations of one of those bits of hell which one finds stuck down amidst all the glorious architecture, towers of church, bloom of fountain, display of color, splash of flower, and burst of music of the Champs

(Continued on page 12.)



MISS BOOTH IN HER NEW SCENIC SERVICE, "THE SCARLET THREAD."



IN THEIR STEPS OR WHAT WOULD JESUS HAVE ME DO?

THE SECRET OF SPIRITUAL SUCCESS

BY ADjt. PHILLIPS JAMAICA

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

This tract remained on our church door for some weeks. Partly because, perhaps, it was so firmly gummed on, and partly because nobody considered it his or her special duty to take it off. But it was a proper eye-sore, and everybody seemed to look to see whether it was still there when they were entering the sanctuary of a Sabbath morning. The chapel-cleaner, who, by-the-bye, was suspected, with a few others, of "believing in it," said it was none of her business to get warm water to wash it off—she did not get paid for that.

But things came to a climax one Sunday morning, when the minister's wife discovered on her arrival that someone had pasted one of our old *Fern*—Champagne hand-bills a few inches below the tract, and had chalked above, in large irregular letters, that awful word *Iacobah*. They had also drawn an angel at the top, and another—a shaded one—at the bottom, and had put them shaking hands together.

"Goodness, gracious me!" said Mrs. Southpole, "did ever anybody hear of such an outrage! This cannot be allowed." And then she sent across the way for one of her servants to bring the necessary implements to have the door washed and scrubbed. This was being done while the people were arriving for service, and they were greatly interested, that some gathered round and looked on, and others whispered among themselves, as they took their seats in the sacred building.

"I'm downright upset," said Mrs. S. as she went into the vestry and confronted her husband, who was just about leaving to begin the service, "and everybody else is upset and disgusted with the doings of these fanatics. You had better make the sermon as short as possible, for the people will be thinking more about this latest outrage than anything else."

So he adopted her suggestion, and the unrest among the congregation showed that her prediction was well-founded.

It sometimes takes a little thing to excite people, who say that others should not be excited even about great and eternal things.

CHAPTER III.

I have not yet mentioned the fact that upon a few Sunday afternoons and week-nights, too—Bro. White, my-

self, and one or two others, had visited a village nearly three miles from the town, and had had some successful soul-saving meetings there. A publican, who at first opposed us, was among those converted; had shut up his drinking-establishment, and had placed a good-sized room at our disposal. It was a warm work, and only needed to be followed up, in the right way, of course, to become a promising mission.

For this reason, one or other of us, and sometimes more, were often absent from our regular church services. And our irregularity was more noticed and commented upon than the irregularity of those who stopped at home to sleep, or went about pleasureing, or visiting friends.

As Bro. White remarked to me one day, "Dem is puttin' a rod inna seek fe we, Mass' Will'lam, as sure as my

self, and would afterwards return to them."

"No, Mass' Will'lam," replied my faithful slave, "you do what dem soun' do, so dem can't hab you."

But I remember that there was one thing that kept me from leaving the church of my childhood and choice, and working at the mission altogether. My sister, and some others, often reminded me of that one thing. It was this: There was nobody in connection with the mission that could administer the sacrament to myself and comrades.

Although sanctified, mark you, I still considered the ancient command, "Do this in remembrance of me," as demanding a literal fulfillment on my part. Nor did it suffice me that those who always remember, have no need of a reminder. I have no wish to condemn those who think as I once thought, and see as I once saw. I am relating my own experience. What is one man's food is another man's poison. "But if any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God."

I shall now attempt to describe the circumstances under which I took my last sacrament. And this may throw some light—to those who care to see it—on my present position as a Salvationist.

I had gone to church, having sent

"It was heavenly," said Miss Little-fault.

"That is what I call sound doctrine," Mrs. Worthy-wisdom remarked.

There was a short interval, so as to allow the non-communicants to leave, and the servant girls who had to hurry home to get the dinner ready for those who remained. Then the ordinance of the Lord's supper followed.

I confess that I did not have very much faith for it to-day. Perhaps it was my fault that I could not realize God's presence. If it is my satisfaction for anybody to say this they are heartily welcome. However, I got through it, and felt somewhat relieved when it was all over; and I am not speaking to please or displease anybody, but am simply relating facts.

(To be continued.)

[THE LAMP OF HIS LAW.]

Sin Discovered.

Joshua vii. 1-26.

The defeat at Ai must have been a sore disappointment and strange mystery to Joshua. Up to this battle the blessing of God had attended Israel's campaigns with extraordinary success. From the time of Moses in Egypt, when the waters of the Red Sea had swept back to make them a way of escape from their enemies, to Joshua's own command and the miraculous crossing over Jordan to the Promised Land, God's presence and prosperity had been with the people. Then, had He not almost guaranteed the overthrow of the Canaanites? Yet with all this the people had suffered sore and heavy defeat. Poor Joshua. God did not leave His servants in doubt as to the cause. His loving kindness would not permit that the blameless leader should feel the guilt of his own.

Sin was the secret of the failure—not the sin of fifty or even of five, but the sin of one. It does not take a large extent of felonious crime to affect the welfare of a whole community. One man's hidden treachery has all too wide an influence for wreck and woe. God could not bestow blessing where there had been disobedience and deceit. Israel suffered since Achan had sinned.

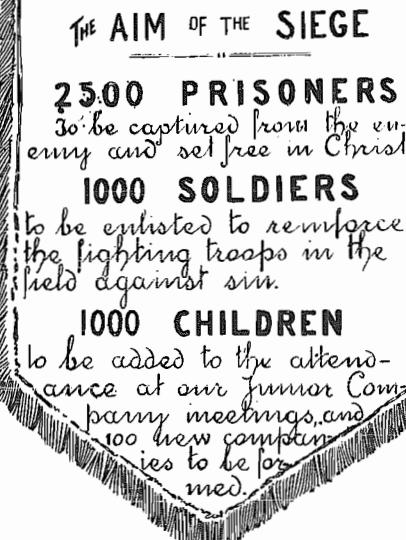
Achan's sin was one of direct disobedience to the command of God. A complete destruction was the Divine direction, and his transgression had deliberately ignored this.

Then Achan imagined was one of greed and no need for the goodly Babylonian garments or the treasures. God had provided ample provision for his needs, as for those of all the Children of Israel, yet he coveted more and stooped to theft to secure it.

But what made the sin so much the greater was the deceit with which Achan sought to cover the wrong.

A lie is a heavy weight to add to the burden of a sin against God.

The severity of the penalty which was executed was at once a declaration of God's hatred of the sin, and a warning to those who had witnessed it.



CAPT. PUSHALL: "There, sol-diers, is our Siege target; I don't believe there is one among you who will shrink from doing your share in this mighty effort to save the world."

name is Theophilus Ebenezer White?" And so, to make a long story short, the minister complained to me about it, and I suggested that he should take over the little *Church* session house and understand it himself. I would help him, so would White. But this, he said, he could not promise to do. His wife, who was present in the vestry at the time, said we were never authorized to commence it, and had better stop it altogether, for no good ever came of such irregular and spasmodic efforts.

But it hurt me to hear her speak like this of what the Lord had so richly blessed already. If God was pleased, why should she be displeased?

"You know, my brother," she continued, smiling the meanwhile, "sometimes you will be doing a work that you think is God's, and it will be the devil's."

"Yes," I thought to myself, "this is quite possible," but I did not give expression to my thoughts.

However, as a matter of fact, whether wisely or unwisely, I afterwards put my offer in writing, and in writing received a refusal on the part of the minister and the church to adopt my spiritual offspring.

"Bro. White," said I to him one day. "He came to His own, and His own received Him not. It does not seem as if our own care very much about receiving us, when we come to this vil-

lage mission, and would afterwards return to them."

"Another attempt has been made," he said, "to disturb the religious equilibrium of this church, and to en-flame the spirit of fanaticism among us."

And he was right. It was strange, much to my sorrow, but to the evident satisfaction of some of the biggest and most fanatical saints and sinners in the congregation. They slightly nodded and smiled to each other, even before he was done, and then there was a general congratulation all round. Several remained behind to shake hands with the hero of the hour, and—shall I record it? Yes, I will—none were less satisfied than himself.

"What a beautiful sermon," said Mrs. Proud-look.



CAPT. SOUR: "Hm! Siege again! What ever can I do in this dead-advantage place to get a move on? I have only a handful of soldiers to rely on. A voice: 'Use what you have.'"

FROM THE FIGHTERS AT THE FRONT

Corps Correspondents' Confidential Chat

Giving a thoughtful glance to the pile of papers of all shapes and shades, inserted by hand-writing varying from undesignable copperplate to the style for which the most merciful term is hieroglyphics, which pile represents the week's corps reports received at the Editorial Office, we would毫不hesitatingly declare their greatest need to be definiteness.

In this clut we always try to avoid being painfully personal, nor do we need to single out one instance of indefiniteness—there are many more than one.

It is not sufficient to say "Souls are getting saved." It is not clear to say, "Our efforts are being blessed." It is not enough to say, "The old chariot is rolling along," or "Satan's hosts are driven back." It is always best to use some detail in describing a meeting—at least, what is necessary to give the reader, who was not there, some idea of what actually happened.

For those who know their fault to lie on these lines, we would recommend as a good motto, one previously hinted at in these notes, "Never leave anything to the imagination of the reader; if you do he will probably imagine wrong."

Will They Increase Their Order?

BEAR RIVER.—Nine precious souls have found peace beneath our Standard. Ex-Capt. Calkin, one of our old-time officers, with us over Sunday. Much blessing derived from his visit. Everything moves on grandly. War Cry all sold out Saturday, not one for Sunday. We love the Cry here. House filled in every meeting by interested people. Finances good.—See. Morine.

BUTTE, Mont.—Week-end meetings good. Crowds and interest grand. Sunday, beautiful manifestation of the spirit and power of God. Soldiers on fire for souls, and fought like heroes to the very last. Three precious souls saved for mercy.—Cor.

An S. A. Survey of the World.

CALGARY.—We have been favored with a visit from our D. O. Adj't. Major Southall. On Saturday night he came unmissed by local officers. On Sunday we had a grand day. In the morning meeting the Major took for his subject, "Qualifications for service." One came forward for purity and power. On Tuesday night the Major gave us a few facts of what the Army is accomplishing in its different branches around the wide world. During the past week we can report two souls in the Fountain.—Capt. C. Bishop, J. S. S. M.

DEVILS LAKE, N. D.—Last week two precious souls were wrested from the grasp of Satan, and are beautifully saved. Ensign Perry's Intern service, proved a time of blessing and profit.—Herringshaw and wife.

DRESDEN.—Ensign Holdhoff with us Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. The magic lantern service Saturday night was the best financial success of any former visit of the G. B. M. Agent to this place; over \$10 for the night. We were glad to have the Ensign with us with his music, song and salvation.—Ensign A. D. Sloat.

The Bishop and Staff Visit.

GLACE BAY.—We have just had the pleasure of a week-end visit from the Provincial Officer and Chaplain, Major Pierlecker and Staff-Capt. Rawling. On Saturday night Major enrolled six soldiers under the flag of our Army. Sunday afternoon Frieda, the infant child of Capt. and Mrs. Thompson, was dedicated to God and the S. A. It requires a man like Major Pierlecker to do a job of this kind. The soldiers' meeting which followed the freedom-day was a never-to-be-forgotten time. If Major is good at a dedication service, what shall we say of him in a soldiers' meeting? Three soldiers volunteered out for the blessing. The meeting at night was a Holy Ghost meeting. The power of God was felt in the hard-fought prayer meeting. One young woman gave herself to God at the pentecost form. Income for the

week-end, over \$25. We are delighted at the prospect of frequent visits from Staff-Captain Rawling, who is now our D. O.—Sergt.-Major.

GRAFTON.—Since my last report I have farewelled from our beautiful State capital, Bismarck, and am now finding the good fight of faith here, with Capt. Glover. The work is progressing, souls are getting saved, believers sanctified and our crowds are good.—Lieut. Blane.

HALIFAX I.—On Thursday night, banquet and jubilee, which passed off very pleasantly, and, considering the weather, was quite a success. A few souls are seeking and finding the Savoir.—Treas. Cash.

HAMILTON II.—On Sunday, from 7 a.m. till 11 p.m., a great battle was waged. We closed with four souls in.

JACKSON'S COVE.—One month has passed since coming here, and it has been a month of victory. Six souls for salvation, nine for sanctification, two re-

a spicy program. Major McMillan prayed, "Let the music we hear to-night be sanctified, that the Kingdom may be advanced thereby." Brother Gaskin was chairman, filling the position admirably. Every selection given, vocal or otherwise, was extremely enjoyed.

LISBON, N. D.—Lisbon is not behind this week. Wednesday one soul sought and found salvation. Good meetings, deep conviction.—A. Lloyd, Capt.

MISSOULA.—Good meetings all day Sunday. At the close one precious soul out for peace and pardon.—J. H. Hurlst, R. C.

MONTREAL II.—Sunday was very stormy, but we had a blessed time. At night Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Taylor led the meeting. God spoke to some souls, but none would yield. Monday night a sister returned to God. Tuesday night the Staff-Captain led a soldiers' meeting and one soul sought full salvation.—C. R. G. W.



THE IBBOTSON MUSICAL FAMILY.

Who Earned Much Praise by Their Excellent Playing at the Commissioner's Meeting in the Massey Hall.

crists, and about twenty adherents to be added next coming meeting. Soldiers of Harry Harlan (outpost) gathered in front of quarters, have had one dedication. Junior work on the up-grade. Started day school. Soldiers getting on fire. Believing for lots of souls.—R. Pugh, C. O.

Found a Nest of War Cry*

KALISPELL, Mont.—Bro. Forrey, from Spokane, spent a number of evenings with us. His visit proved a blessing to us all. Many are quite interested in the plan of salvation, and after closing the meetings manifested no desire to leave their seats. Many are under conviction, often return, and listen attentively to conversation concerning the Kingdom of God. Many are under conviction, but do not yield, and a great war is waging. Last week a visit to Columbian Falls, where we distributed 300 War Crys. Finding a nest, in the quarters of 500 War Crys, we started distributing them in jail, library, hospital, and the Falls. In latter place many rejoiced to having our paper, especially in one house, where an aged man, who had lied ill for many weeks, was near death, the grave reading a copy of newspaper. Gladly we gave him two copies and eagerly he grasped them, and immediately began reading.—Lieut. Betts, for Capt. Forrey.

LIPPINCOTT. Lovers of music and song could not have visited any better place than Lippincott St. on Thursday night, when the bands of Lissgar and Lippincott corps rendered

OAKES, N. D.—Had a visit from our D. O. Adj't. Barr, last week. The crowds were good. On Friday night the Adjutant dedicated Bro. and Sister Daguer's baby to the Lord.—Capt. F. H. Brown.

Cake, Coffee, and Salvation.

OTTAWA.—Adj't. Hendricks has returned from a successful tour of the District, bringing a good report of the work in the different places. On Monday evening soldiers gathered at the barracks and marched to the officers' quarters, taking the officers by surprise; a very sociable evening being spent together. In which cake and coffee disappeared. Ensign Pugh gave us in two meetings, a very interesting life account of himself, in which the audience were deeply interested. Adj't. Wiseman warmly welcomed to Ottawa on Saturday. The Adjutant led the meetings on Saturday and Sunday, being assisted by Ensign Pugh on Sunday. It was a grand day of blessing to our souls, and more so to the two precious souls who found the Savoir at the close of the day, making four souls since last report.—Sergt. French, Cor.

PELLEY'S ISLAND.—Last Sunday night ten souls for salvation, which makes thirteen since last report, and also twenty four for a clean heart. Capt. Jim Janes.

PRESCOTT.—Two souls have sought and found salvation. Hallelujah! We had a visit from our T. F. S., Ensign Parker, with his up-to-date Intern. The light now carried by our T. F. S.

is the best I have ever seen in the Salvation Army. We are having good attendance at our meetings.—R. B. Grose, Capt.

RAT PORTAGE.—The past week has been one of glorious victory. Five souls sought and found Jesus. Cadets Quist and Bristow conducted a meeting on Sunday at the Sultana Gold Mine. The people there seemed to appreciate our meeting, and we are looking for some grand results to come from them. We are also having meetings on Sunday nights at Hartman. Thursday night we had an enrollment of soldiers and commissioning of Local Officers. Eight recruits were enrolled and fourteen locals commissioned. Cadet C. J. Scott, for Ensign Hubbard.

SOMERSET, Ber.—Saturday night we welcomed to our midst Capt. Goodwin and Capt. Cowan, after nearly three months without officers. Sunday we had a glorious time in the power of God. Soul from xmas will throughout the day. We closed about ten o'clock at night, rejoicing with two souls crying to God for mercy.—C. E. Harrison, Sergt.

ST. JOHN'S 11.—Nine souls for the week. The enemy surrounded. Believing to capture many more.—Henry Elsary.

STRATHROY.—Good meetings all day yesterday. Good crowds, which are increasing in the financial line. Capt. Pyne, from Oxford, assisted with the meetings. There was deep conviction in the meeting at night. Last Sunday we had a dedication service, when Bro. and Sister Johnson gave their little boy, Charles Aisel, to God and the Army.—Mrs. Capt. Freeman.

The Rescue Work in Three Acts.

ST. STEPHEN, N. B.—We had a visit from our D. O. Adj't. McGillivray. He gave us two very special meetings—Wednesday night a musical meeting, and Thursday night the test-soul was represented in three scenes, also half-light of prayer, when God came very near and blessed us. Several comrades renewed their consecration to God and His service. Then we have had two souls at the Cross.—J. R. B. Wilson.

SYDNEY.—The Major and Staff have come and gone, but not without results; a young man of twenty years and a grandmother of sixty, came back the next night and told what God had done for them. Our two comrades came out with another young woman. Capt. Piercy.

VICTORIA, B. C.—Staff-Capt. Galt, Adj't. Dinsdale, and Cadet Whatthrough have taken a tour around the District. Capt. LeDrew in charge. Sunday, meetings beautiful. Full band at the jail meeting at 9:30 Sunday morning.—M. L.

WINNIPEG.—Beautiful time at knee-drill Sunday morning. Very good meetings all day. We closed with four souls in the Fountain. One brother, who was deeply convicted on Sunday night, came to us on Tuesday night. Friday night we had another soldier's ten, which was very much enjoyed by all present, also a very good soldiers' meeting afterwards, led by Major and Mrs. Southall. Cadet B. Moller, for Adj't. Kerr.

Bombard at Close Quarters.

WOODSTOCK, N. B.—A few months ago I was working in sunny Bermuda, and now I find myself in the midst of a real Canadian winter, at the same work. The climate seems to make no difference—there are the same sins, the same class of people to deal with, and they offer the same excuses when asked why they do not come. We are holding on here in Woodstock, laying plans and taking in supplies for an advance on the enemy, who is strongly entrenched. We have one of his batteries right at our back door, in the shape of a skating rink.—Kate W. Welch, Capt.; Winnie Jones, Lieut.

YORKVILLE.—Saluts are being raised, backsides are coming home, shoulders are seeking God. Sunday night, with a groaning three hours, for a hard fight, four souls came forward and found salvation. One young man, who had been attending Army meetings for years, sprang from his seat and walked boldly to the front. We are believing he will be a blessing to his unsaved companions, who asked the Captain to pray for them.—A. R.

"The Scarlet Thread."

Continued from page 9.

Elysee—a Parisian cafe, or, as when I was in France I called such a dam-trap. The glitter of feverish excitement in his eye answered the sparkle in his re-filled wine-cup.

In the strong heart that lay behind the strong face there lingered restless memories of a praying childhood, and late altar-avows, as well as sincere respect for all that was good and noble, but such disquieting reminders were drowned in the evil influences which drug their gauze-like fascinations around him, entangling his feet in his first step to ruin. That first step—how easily and quickly taken, how bitter and hard to retrieve! The descent is a gradual incline, giving no warning of the rapids of destruction ahead. The blaze of light is luminous, hiding the on-creeping shadow. The laughter is gay, drowning the discordant and wailing echo. It seems as though the most tawdry and fleeting of earth's toys outweigh the realities of righteousness and heaven.

"Angels cry from the sky,
Will you not prepare to be?"

floated through the cafe as a song escaping from some left-open gate of Paradise.

"Who are they?" was asked.

"What a place for good, pure women to visit," thought Jack, and said aloud, "Why, my wife's religion won't let her come here."

"Your wife?" repeated the pretty face of the lost soul facing him. "You don't mean to say you have a wife?" and then a burst of laughter, with a horror in it, one would only expect to hear when devils gloat over damned.

With a look of great discomfiture, and somewhat irritated, Horace demanded, "Well, who are they, anyway?"

The question was overheard by one of the singers. She turned with that light of countenance which spotless purity of soul alone can lend to the face, and said:

"Representatives of the Cross of Christ, heralding salvation for all men, and warning them of the judgment to come."

"And what is judgment to come?" asked Bob flippantly.

"It is the harvest of what a man sows. It is the retribution of all that is real, and the vanishing of all that is false. It is the triumph of truth over lie, the conquest of love over hate. It is the balancet in which your soul must be cast, and in which all the deeds of your life will be weighed."

Good-naturedly, but sweetly, Jim said, "Well, don't bring your judgment here. I've not settled the question as to whether there is one yet."

"Your doubt has not power to mock the existence of the fact; neither will your delay persuade the swift feet of retribution to tarry. Every day is ushering you on to this great hour. At this very moment your deeds are being laid in a crown of glory for your brow, or forging bolts for your imprisonment. Your ways, and words, and thoughts are composing the chorus for your entrance into glory, or giving the key-note for the dead march of eternal woe to which you will tramp down to perdition. Now you may struggle, and drink, and dance, and philosophize to throw out God and trample on goodness, but in judgment, God, uttering the cry for revenge of all this wickedness, will throw you out. Now the subtle ties of worldly society bind you, its evil influences buoy up your spirit to fight against Him Who made you, and crush the conscience which falter would call to you from the days of higher hopes and purer things; but in judgment you will stand naked—soul, your wealth all gone, your friends all gone, your choices—priceless and choice, which may have come to you from a mother's

prayers, all gone—nothing remains but the naked soul and its condemnation of guilt, when God, before earth and heaven, men and devils, while the earth groans in convulsions, and all that is lost in the bustle of eternity, declares the reward of the virtuous and the damnation of the wicked. This is judgment—how will YOU meet it?"

II.

"MY GAME." For the third time that evening the confident voice rang out these words, and an eager hand scooped the coins strewn upon the gaming table into his palm, and pocketed them.

Jack, the discomfited opponent, felt uneasily in his own pockets—they were empty.

"I've had enough of this," he said: "time I was going. You've got all you can out of me to-night; like my fork out the change. Fill up your glass, mate, and shuffle the cards again."

"Not at all—not at all," spoke the bland card-sharper: "it'll be your luck next, old fellow, and I'll have to fork out the change. Fill up your glass, mate, and shuffle the cards again."

The obstacle of Jim's empty pockets was soon overcome by the collection of the small bankings in account with his wife's savings, which represented her girlhood's savings. She would never see him in a fix, and although the tiny fortune had often been referred to as a future provision, in case of any emergency, for the children, she would sacrifice anything to save him open disgrace. All the same he played, reckoning on winning back what he had lost, not trading upon the love and generosity of her whose gentle pleading tones persuading him against these places have never really been silenced, and now they run as lava in his soul—he almost wishes he was dead, for he feels already he is nearly damned. But the fascinations of the place and commitment of the past hold him fast. If it had not been for the loose, I couple of years back, it would have been easier; now his enemies have dug a trench round and about him, and there is no way out. There are the sins of day, making promise of further and deeper sins of night; can one escape keeping these promises? There are the wrongs which must be committed to pay the debt of lesser wrongs—these deficits must be met, no matter what the cost. There are the lies that must be told to cover the open disgrace of other deceptions—these hideous indiscretions must be hid, though all truth is distorted to hide them. Sin is like the waves of the sea, one ever rushing on another, until the soul carried on the black tide, is thrown into the Rock of Perdition, a boundless, hopeless wreck.

The plaintive tremble of a child's voice broke in upon the gloomy musings which had been passing through Jack's brain while he threw down the cards. A sad-eyed, ill-clad girl of sixteen had laid her hand upon his companion's sleeve.

"Father," she was saying, "come home with me come: don't do any more of this dreadful gambling to-night; come, father."

But, with an oath, the man shook off the beseeching fingers and pushing the girl, none too gentle, out of the room, banged the door.

"That's what comes of your children getting mixed up with those blooming arms folks! Here's my girl, and I'm tickled with the idea of the Captain's that she thinks she can spring the same game on me, but she's mistaken: I'm one too many for her and her Salvation friends—darned lot, they are all of them."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Jack; "I met one of them once who was as a flash of light from another world. If I'd listened to her I should not have been here, and my wife would be a happier woman. Ah! but that's a story of my honeymoon days on the continent: there's no use in telling it now. It's a long way back; too late to remedy it—here's to forgetting it," and lifting his glass to his lips he set it, drained, upon the gambling table, with a crash that shattered the fragile thing.

"There's that home our brightest hopes, fairest intentions, and strongest promises can, by our own efforts, be shattered," and with an unfeeling laugh he flung out of the room, almost stumbling over the slender figure, which, despite her summary ejection, lingered on the door-step.

(To be continued.)

THE W. O. P. CHANCELLOR REPLIES

Staff-Captain Phillips' Answer to the Siege Call.

The Field Commissioner's stirring call to the front, in the Siege of 1909, should appeal to the truest instincts of every loyal Salvationist's heart, whose business it is, like their Master's, to seek and to save the lost. The West Ontario troops will be found in the vanguard in the coming conflict.—George L. Phillips, Chancellor.

WOMEN'S SOCIAL INSTITUTIONS HAVE NEW NAMES.

By MRS. READ, Women's Social Secretary.

In the future the sixteen institutions of the Women's Social Department of the Territory will be known by pretty apppellations peculiarly suited to the local environments of each one. The Field Commissioner has decided upon the following names:

The New Home for Children in Toronto will be designated the "Evangeline Home," in honor of the Commissioner, during whose command it was opened.

—o—

Vancover's New Home will be known by the suggestive title of "Merle Hall." We trust it may be the door of mercy and hope to hundreds of poor wandering ones.

—o—

The names and addresses of the already-established Homes will be:

St. John Maternity Hospital, "Grace Hospital," 274 King St. E.

St. John Rescue Home, "The Home-stead," 65 Elliott Row.

Ottawa Rescue Home, "Redemption Home," 766 Wellington St.

London Rescue Home, "Fort Hope," Riverview Ave.

Hamilton Rescue Home, "Hope Hall," 695 Main St.

Halifax Rescue Home, "The Bridge," 49 Hollis St.

St. John's N.D.L. Rescue Home, "The Anchorage," 29 Cook St.

Winnipeg Rescue Home, "Fort Rescue," 480 Yonge St.

Montreal Rescue Home, "Liberty Hall," 243 St. Antoine St.

Montreal Women's Shelter, "Beniah Home," 11 St. Monique St.

Spokane Rescue Home, "Liberty Home," 733 Fourth St.

Butte Rescue Home, "Montana State Home," 726 South Main St.

Toronto Industrial Rescue Home, 914 Yonge St.

Toronto Working Women's Home, 74 Agnes St.

FROM THE FRONT.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM VARIOUS CORSAKES IN ACTIVE SERVICE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

From "All that Remains."

Modder River,

December 13th 1900.

It is with a sorrowful heart I write you these few lines, to let you know how we are getting on—I mean all that remains of us, for poor Bob Drysdale and MacLean are dead. Armit is missing, Kinghorn and I are well—that is all that remains of your Leaguers in the Black Watch. Bob passed away singing hymns to the last. Every man in the regiment is talking about him. One man went to give him a drink, but he refused, saying:

"Give it to another lad: I have got the other of life. Then he passed away, singing praises to God."

Drysdale's death was sudden, and very quiet. The man that lay next to him never knew, until he looked up and saw he was dead. Kinghorn and I are thankful to God for all He has done for us. That is all the Leaguers

that I know at present. Henderson, H. L. L., had a slight sunstroke.—S. Scott.

Led into a Trap

I have been in hospital with a slight sunstroke, got through being about twelve hours in the fighting line at the big battle of Magersfontein. The very thought of what I saw and what I have come through has almost unnerved me. But, praise the dear Lord! He has been more than I need. Oh, to think that so many have passed into eternity unprepared! God help us to show by our lives, and even by our deaths, that the Christianity of Christ has something in it that is lasting.

We were led into a trap by some blunder or other. We were unprepared for the enemy, and the result at the beginning of the fight was we lost terribly! Our brigade had over a thousand casualties among them we have lost four Leaguers of the Black Watch. They are Wilson, MacLean, Drysdale, and Armit. Praise God! they have gone to be with Jesus, which is far better. McGurk is all right, and I am getting on fine.—Pte. Henderson.

Good Meetings and Hard Soldiering

I am enjoying good health so far, and, praise God, I realize that my insights were many have been washed away in His precious Blood. The first time I went to the Army here I was asked to say a few words, and although we had meetings at sea, I don't think I saw so many soldiers at a meeting as were there. I should think there were nearly a hundred.

We have been over the bills, and we are all tired, and find it hard work, different to the soldiering in England; but, praise the Lord, He is always with us, putting His loving arms around us, and to cheer us up with those loving words, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Sergt. Williams and Pte. Webb.

From the Western Force.

I am writing this letter to you while our dear South Africa on active service. Many dear comrades, we will be glad to hear from you. We Leaguers of the Salvation Army are going on in the western force of the fighting-line. We are having good meetings here, and God is blessing us very much, and not only blessing us, but He is saving some of our comrades. I pray that this may continue. I am also very glad to tell you that I am having very good times in my regiment, where I am the only Salvationist; but God is with me to help me, and I can testify to the saving and keeping power of God day by day on the battlefield when the bullets are showering down like hailstones.

I shall never forget the day when we were in the fight. The sights that we saw! When I see the dead and wounded being carried to the rear of the fighting-line, and going unprepared to meet their God, I pray God to make me useful in His service, and help me to win them for Him. Reader, are you ready? If the death-angel should call, will he find you with your garments made white in the Blood of the Lamb? If not, I pray that you "seek God while He may be found"—Corpl. F. Innes, 12th Lancers.

Making Things Sunshiny.

Have you ever had your day suddenly turn sunshiny because of a clever word? Have you ever wondered if this could be the same world, because someone had been unexpectedly kind to you? Do you remember, as a child, how excited you were because someone gave you a little present, and how you always had a feeling of admiration and affection—selfish, perhaps, but real—for that generous person? You can do the same to-day for somebody. It is only a question of a little thought, a little time, and trouble. Think before you finish this paragraph, "What can I do today to make someone happy?" Think it! Old persons, children, servants—even a bone for the dog or sugar for the bird? Why not?

"She doeth little kindnesses, Which most leave undone or despise. For naught that sets one heart at ease, Or giveth happiness or peace, Is low esteemed in her eyes."



More changes. This time in the N.W.P. Ensign Perry will, in future, be responsible for the whole Province, for the G. B. M. This leaves Ensign Ottawa's hands free for special work. Bro. Perry will need to keep everyone moving to keep up to last quarter's record.

♦ ♦ ♦

Ensign Parker, of East Ontario, sends some cheering news. He says, "The G. B. M. promises this quarter, I am getting out a good many new boxes and securing a few new Agents. I think things are decidedly on the advance."

♦ ♦ ♦

The Lighthouse, Montreal, is taking a district in the city now, and have just had their first lot of large boxes sent them; they will doubtless do a good thing. Of course, the more they get over their target the more they will receive for their benefit.

♦ ♦ ♦

Ensign Studers says we may look for a good increase in box money from the Pacific this quarter. When passing through Nelson he put out six large boxes; when returning, ten days later, the boxes contained \$7, that is over a dollar each. Go right on, Nelson, at that rate, and you will surely break the record.

♦ ♦ ♦

Ensign Hoddinott, of the W. O. P., is also full of faith for the work in his Territory this quarter, and is sending in some good returns. He informs us that one of his Agents, Mrs. Newham, of Glenwood, has placed a box in the school room. Why not have one in every school room in the country?

♦ ♦ ♦

Ensign Burrows has had a good time at Midland and reports two for salvation and one for a clean heart in his meeting there. He has just sent an order for sixty large and about one hundred small boxes, so he evidently hopes to get somewhere this quarter.

Everybody keep going on with all your might, and let us make this present quarter the best we have ever had.—T. H. C.

♦ ♦ ♦

The Travelings of a G B. M. Man.

TO WIT: ENSIGN BURROWS.

BRAMPTON.—We have no G. B. M. Agent in this corps, so the officers collected in the box money, which amounted to \$1.29. Better things are expected for the next quarter.

VALANCEVILLE.—Capt. McDonald met me at the station in Ormeville, and soon impressed me that he was quite hopeful for a good crowd for the service at night, but the very cold weather influenced many to stay home. Miss Huskinson, the Agent, will certainly bring O. to a better position this next quarter.

LADY BANK is one of the corps in the Faversham Circle, where the visitor feels at once that the Salvation Army soldiers are all alive for the Kingdom of God. Capt. Copper was successful in getting a good crowd for the special meeting, at the close of which the soldiers sang the blessing of boldness. Mrs. Pool, our G. B. M. Agent of this place had to resign her position owing to many other duties that demanded her attention, and Sister E. Crawford was appointed in her stead. Sister Robson, of Faversham, collected \$1.31, which makes a total of \$2.78 for the Circle. The T. F. S. is believing for \$5 for the next quarter. Let all the Agents say "Amen!"

CHIESLEY.—I conducted two meetings in C., where we felt the Spirit of God present, though the crowd was not very large. The Captain agreed with me, that there is nothing like the ticketed system. Mr. Campbell, our G. B. M. Agent, is doing well with her boxes. \$1 was the amount in the same. She reports a few new boxholders, and is full of faith for the next quarter.

OWEN SOUND.—I spent Saturday and Sunday in Owen Sound. The crowds were good, spiritual tide high, finances splendid, our labors crowned

with five souls for pardon. Praise God! Bro. Glover, the C. O. P. G. B. M. Champion, has returned from the U. S. A., and is taking up his work again with a will. God bless him. I wonder how long Bro. Glover will be able to hold his position, Lindsay and Orrilla are looking well this quarter.

MEAFORD.—Good crowd at lantern service. Over sixty tickets sold before the night for same. In the meantime, five souls sought for holiness. To God be the glory! Miss E. Tomlinson, the Auxiliary Agent, the S. A. is the G. B. M. Agent, and is doing well with her boxes. Her returns are not in yet for this quarter, but, by all accounts, she will go ahead of the last collection.

ROCKLYN is a country district about 14 miles from Meaford, where I conducted a magic lantern service in the Presbyterian Church of that locality, assisted by Capt. Bowers and Mr. and Mrs. McLean kindly provided for our lantern service. Every soul took an active part in the service. Even the children was manifested and a precious invitation given for us to return to the district for special meetings at an early date, while the congregation voted the entire income for the night to the S. A. work. May God bless Rev. Mr. and Mrs. McLean and their family, also their warm-hearted members. The G. B. M. worked out this way is quite new, and is in charge of Master Ward, a brother of Adj't. Ward. He is much interested in his work, and no doubt will have much success.

COLLINGWOOD.—Captain Cornish was all alone, but in the best of spirits. The cold weather seemed to have power and drove out much of the warmth that came from the stove in the barracks, and, as a result, prevented a number of people from attending the Saturday's services; but not so on Sunday, for the building was quite warm. Two souls thank God, claimed the blessing of full salvation. We give all glory to God, and take the early train for Toronto.—W. H. Burrows. T. F. S.

BRITISH LOSSES.

From authentic statistics issued by the War Office, it appears that the total number of British soldiers killed in battle to date, cannot be more than 1,200. This is a small number for two months of fighting over a wide area. In the single battle of Waterloo the French had over 30,000 killed and wounded, and the allies about 23,000. At the battle of Sadowa the Persians lost in dead, wounded, and missing 330 officers and 8,794 men, while the Austrians lost 1,147 and 30,242 respectively. The British wounded and missing in the South African war so far cannot be more than 4,000 and 3,000 respectively.—The Westminster.

In English-speaking lands 100,000 drummers go to an untimely and dolorous grave every year. This creates little excitement, so accustomed are we to this dreadful tragedy—which has sent during the century millions of souls to a shameful doom. If the liberty of South Africa, and the welfare of both the white and black races for all time can be secured, even by the costly sacrifice of so many precious lives—who shall say that it is not worth the cost? By a like sacrifice have the civil and religious liberties we enjoy to-day been won.

COTTAGE PRAYER MEETINGS.

How to start a cottage prayer meeting? The way we used to do in Chileno was this: We would go round from house to house until we found a woman who was willing to have a meeting in her house—it might be an unconverted woman. It takes a good deal of moral courage for any woman to have a meeting in her house, but if she can get her consent, ask the neighbors to come in—a great many people who won't go to a church will go to a cottage prayer meeting. Some of the best hours I have spent in my life were in the cottage prayer meetings. If I have had any success, that is where I learned to preach. Get twenty or thirty mothers together to—Emily White.

with their children and babies in arms. Read a portion of Scripture. Get the children to sing; it will always interest a mother to hear her child sing, even if it doesn't sing as well as Mr. Sankey. Talk comforting words to the mothers. I tell you what, I'd rather a thousand times talk to these mothers than to Gospel-hardened sinners. When a young mother is just beginning to feel her responsibility, it isn't very difficult to reach her heart.—D. L. Moody.

How Sergeant Pike Became a Salvationist.

Some years ago the subject of my sketch was living in a small village in Maine, and was a member of a certain organization, striving, as far as she then had light, to please God.

After this she daughtered her heart in the United States, seeking her mother's love for good literature, started to send her regularly a copy of the War Cry, which was used as a means, in the Lord's hands, of leading her into the experience of entire sanctification. After receiving the blessing she continually testified to it, and, as a result, received much opposition from the members of the church, who scorned the idea of a person being sanctified, and told her plainly they didn't want her testimony on that line.



SERGEANT PIKE*

Nothing daunted, she told them she had received the blessing and meant to give God the glory by confessing it, and if they would not receive her testimony she would serve them a trick the devil never served them—she would leave them, and go somewhere where they would receive it.

She then began to ask the Lord to open up the way for her to get to where the Salvation Army was. If he wanted her there. Not long after the Lord answered her prayer, though it meant a complete change of life. She threw in her lot with the people she thought were God's people, and whose God was her God, donned the uniform and became an out-and-out Salvationist. After a number of years, which have borne on their wings joys and sorrows, storms and sunshine, she is still found at her post of duty. Though well advanced in years, it is a rare occurrence for her to miss a meeting, and is always in full uniform. Within the last few months she has become War Cry boomer.

The writer, whom War Cry readers will remember as Corps Correspondent for Howland, recently received a letter a few days ago from Sergeant Pike, an extract of which I here quote: "I am well and all right in my soul, I can do many things I could not a few months ago, many thanks to Capt. W. Thompson, for he helped me to be brave and to work for the Lord and not be afraid. Ensign Andrews has appointed me G. B. M. Agent for Howland. Already I have received places for four new ones, and am going to take some more soon."

May this simple story prove a stimulus to those who are not putting forth as much practical effort as they ought to.—Emily White.

♦ ♦ ♦

A great many Christians are dead wives because some one small part of the life is switched off from God.



From Oshawa to a Mansion in the Sky

We have lost another of our dear comrade of the Salvation Army, Capt. W. Davis, aged seventy-nine years.

He had been in poor health for some time, and, although his death was not unexpected, yet the end came suddenly. He had been a great sinner in his life, but, thank God, he found a wonderful Saviour.

On Friday, Feb. 9th, quite a number of his soldier-comrades and a large number of friends gathered at his home for the funeral service, which was conducted by Capt. McCann. A few words of testimony were given by Capts. Evesley and Pollard. "Surely we gather at the right time," was sung very touchingly by Lieut. Patterson. A few verses from God's word and some suitable remarks about our comrade's life and death by the Captain, and then we proceeded to the Union Cemetery, where, owing to the coldness of the day, we only had time to sing one song and hear the solemn burial service read.

Sunday evening the Captain led a memorial service, when the barracks was well filled, and we trust that all were made to feel once more the uncertainty of life and the surety of death.

We pray that God will sustain the aged wife who is left, also the children.—J. M. M.

—♦—

An Army Friend Called Home.

Mrs. Dr. Edict was called home a few days ago, after a long and trying illness, which she bore with Christian patience and fortitude. For years Mrs. Edict's hospitable home was open to Salvation Army officers, who were always sure of a hearty welcome. Mrs. Edict died in Bowmanville. A few days previous to her decease she expressed a great desire to see Lieut. Colonel Mrs. Read, and Mrs. Read accordingly went down to Bowmanville to see the sufferer. She was very low, but expressed her confidence in God, and gave Mrs. Read a bright outlook, and many hopes for future joy. She had no fears. Dr. Edict was with her when she crossed the river. He and his bereaved children have the sympathy of all who know him in his great loss.

—♦—

A Faithful Soldier Promoted.

OWEN SOUND.—Our brother, John Baker has been promoted from his place in the Owen Sound ranks to Glory. He has been ill for nearly a year, but we always found him with a smile, and his testimony was, "He was only waiting for the Master." The testimony of his comrades is, "He was never known to waver." His life was an example to all. He has gone to his reward.—J. H.

MAJOR TURNER

Will Visit and Conduct Special Meetings at the following places:—

Yorkville, Friday, Feb. 23, to Sunday, March 4.

Owen Sound, Sat. and Sun., March 10, 11.

Chestley, Mon. and Tues., March 12, 13.

Faversham, Wed., Thurs., and Fri., March 14, 15, 16.

Orangeville, Sat. and Sun., March 17, 18.

Bowmanville, Sat., Sun. and Mon., March 24, 25, 26.

Oshawa, Tuesday, March 27.

Brookville, Wednesday, March 28.

Hamilton II., Friday, April 6.

Hamilton I., Sat., Sun. and Mon., April 7, 8, 9.

Barrie, Friday to Monday, April 13 to 16.

Orrville, Thursday, April 17.

HUSTLERS' RENDEZVOUS

Howell Holds His Own!—Brigadier Pugmire's Heroic Utterance

—The East Carries Off the Laurels Again—A

Lonely B. C. Hero.

BY ERNEST ENTERPRISE.

THE ONTARIO COMPETITION

West Ontario Province 88

East Ontario Province 78

Central Ontario Province 60

"No change in the situation."—War despatch.

♦ ♦ ♦

"What we have hold."—Brigadier Howell.

♦ ♦ ♦

"I don't know whether this thing can be done, but if it can I'm going to do it."—Brigadier Pugmire.

♦ ♦ ♦

"I regret to report a serious reverse."—Brigadier Gaskin.

♦ ♦ ♦

Brigadier Howell, in the height of his exuberance over his well-earned victory, still wears the same-sized hat. In. There have been men whose heads have swollen after a great victory. We are glad to notice that the hero who rode Arab at the hour of triumph has escaped this sad visitation.

♦ ♦ ♦

"Down goes the Central," is alarmingly sad! Why this thinness? dear C. O. P.'ites. To only muster 60 when you have several times gone over the hundred mark is not good news.

♦ ♦ ♦

These are the day of "War Specials," and it is astonishing how eagerly the world will grasp at the "latest edition" to read the few words of despatch just received. Our "War Special" is a continuous one. We are proud to ruminiate on the fact that thousands of admirers scan our pages week after week, and store their minds with the latest news of our holy war.

♦ ♦ ♦

I shall expect some startling news from Stratford. I see they have "mobilised" their War Cry Brigade. Surely this movement is not a feint, comrades! I shall only agree to "feint" movements when they are designed to cover other and more important developments.

♦ ♦ ♦

West Ontario is again well to the front with "century" runners. It has 9, the Eastern has 8, East Ontario 7, the Pacific 3, the Central 2, and the Klondike Expedition 1. Bravo!

♦ ♦ ♦

THE "EAST vs. WEST" COMPETITION.

Eastern Prov. 102 Pacific 47

North-West. —

Newfound'd. 16

Klondike 2

Totals. 102 65

This week's laurels go to the East, though I am inclined to believe it might have been different had the North-West Provincial list only reacheded me.

♦ ♦ ♦

Still I must really express my admiration for the gallant efforts now being put forth by Major Pickering and his Staff. That little paragraph in the latest circular caught my eye, Major. So you are aiming at the 100 mark! So ho! my hearties! Here's good luck to ye!

♦ ♦ ♦

Gustavus Johnson, Grand Forks, B. C., has volunteered to dispose of 20 War Crys weekly in that new city. I must chronicle my delight at the earnest desire of our lonely Salvation Brother to spread the good news of salvation in his parish. May you have abundant success.

♦ ♦ ♦

Medicine Hat has risen 15. No need of a doctor there. I should judge. Things look healthy enough.

THE ONTARIO PROVINCES.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

88 Hustlers.

Capt. Sitzer, Woodstock 200
Lieut. Smith, London 183
Sgt. Yeomans, Chatham 111
Mrs. Major Cooper, Goderich 111
Lieut. Knuckle, Brantford 111
Mrs. Adjt. McAmmond, Brantford 110
Capt. Huntingdon, Leamington 109
Lieut. Hart, Simeon 109
Lieut. Fyfe, Sarnia 109
Mrs. Benn, Petrolia 109
P. S. M. Bateman, Stratford 109
Lieut. Cook, Tilsonburg 109
Ensign Green, Windsor 109
Lieut. Stickels, Berlin 109
Capt. Freeman, Guelph 109
Capt. McNaughton, Ingersoll 109
Capt. Hollett, Hespeler 109
Daisy Bond, Wingham 109
Capt. Green, Windsor 109
Ensign Slore, Dresden 109
Adjt. McAmmond, Brantford 109
Ensign Scott, St. Thomas 109
Mrs. Richards, Guelph 109
Ensign Branigan, Sarnia 109
Sgt. Allen, Mitchell 109
Sgt. Mrs. Gards, Stratford 109
Sgt. Mrs. Schwartz, Galt 109
Ensign Gamble, Wallaceburg 109
Sgt. McDougall, Goderich 109
Ensign Wakefield, London 109
Lieut. Edwards, Paris 109
Sgt. McLean, Berlin 109
Capt. Gillam, Chatham 109
J. S. M. Armstrong, Stratford 109
Capt. Hunter, Tilsonburg 109
Mrs. Wakefield, Forest 109
Lieut. Horwood, Wallaceburg 109
Capt. Burrows, Bayfield 109
Sgt. Erb, Berlin 109
Mrs. Capt. Freeman, Stratford 109
Lieut. Ringler, Norwich 109
Willie Sols, Guelph 109
Mrs. Anderson, Watford 109
Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgeway 109
Mother Broadbent, Kingsville 109
Capt. Hockin, Norwich 109
F. S. M. Dearing, Hespeler 109
Capt. Hockin, Ridgeway 109
Lieut. Kitchen, Ridgeway 109
Capt. Howcroft, Berlin 109
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Blenheim 109
Capt. Kershaw, Drayton 109
Corps Cadet Clark, St. Thomas 109
Lieut. Winters, Palmerston 109
Capt. Hancock, Ingersoll 109
Marshall Bea, Wallaceburg 109
Eva Simpson, Guelph 109
Gertie Simpson, Guelph 109
Sister Gordon, Paris 109
Capt. White, Listowel 109
Treas. Corp. Sefton, 109
Lieut. Human, Ingersoll 109
S. M. Rose, Windsor 109
Ensign Crawford, Woodstock 109
Mrs. Durant, Galt 109
Bro. Musgrave, Wroxeter 109
Capt. Copeman, Thedford 109
Capt. Wiseman, Bothwell 109
Mrs. Ensign McKenzie, Clinton 109
Ensign McKenzie, Clinton 109
Capt. Jarvis, Petrolia 109
Lieut. Groomebridge, Guelph 109
Mrs. Gooding, Galt 109
Capt. Dowell, Blenheim 109
Bro. Christon, Dresden 109
Mrs. Burns, Dresden 109
Stanley Gammie, Chatham 109
Capt. Burnell, Palmerston 109
S. M. Rose, Hespeler 109
John Fleming, London 109
Sister Mrs. Hawkes, St. Thomas 109
Sgt. Mrs. Livings, Ingersoll 109
Sister Steele, Petrolia 109

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

78 Hustlers.

Capt. Mumford, Ottawa 221
Sgt. Drayton, Ottawa 182
Capt. Rundall, Penbrooke 180
Capt. Brown, Burlington 180
Lieut. Carter, Burlington 180
Capt. O'Neill, St. Albans 180
Lieut. Ludlow, St. Albans 180
Adjt. Kendall, Belleville 180

Capt. Stainforth, Cornwall 180
Sgt. Rodgers, Montreal 180
Capt. Bowey, St. John's 180
Sgt. Major Mrs. Veal, Barrie 180
Capt. Burrow, Brockville 180
Lieut. Yandaw, Brockville 180
Mrs. Ensign Jones, Peterborough 180
Capt. Clegg, Kempton 180
Capt. Vake, Deseronto 180
Bro. Moers, Montreal 180
Sgt. Simes, Kingston 180
Mrs. Capt. Carter, Parkhead 180
Lieut. Parker, Napanee 180
Capt. Woods, Morrisburg 180
Capt. Fletcher, Morrisburg 180
Ensign Stenger, Gananoque 180
Lieut. Thompson, Gananoque 180
Sgt. Richards, Montreal 180
Capt. Chillingworth, Montreal 180
Capt. Comstock, Cobourg 180
Lieut. Lang, Cobourg 180
Capt. Jones, St. John's 180
Capt. French, Kingston 180
Capt. Gross, Prescott 180
Capt. Hicks, Newport 180
Capt. Green, Perth 180
Capt. Brindley, Sherbrooke 180
Capt. Macree, Campbellfield 180
Lieut. Liddell, Campbellfield 180
Sgt. Major Peleg, Barrie 180
Capt. French, Kingston 180
Lieut. Vane, Kingston 180
Capt. Mrs. Thompson, Belleville 180
Mrs. Capt. Bearchell, Tweed 180
Staff-Capt. Burdett, Peterborough 180
Mrs. Stone, Lakefield 180
Lieut. Norman, Temiskaming 180
Capt. Tyrus, Arnprior 180
Lieut. Langford, Arnprior 180
Sgt. Noel, Barrie 180
Mrs. Hippo, Montreal 180
Sister McTorkel, Ottawa 180
Capt. Huxtable, Quebec 180
Capt. Blass, Quebec 180
Sister Brown, Montreal 180
Capt. Dawson, Galt 180
Lieut. Cook, Galt 180
Mrs. Ensign Sime, Barrie 180
Capt. George, St. John's 180
Sister Mrs. Sheppard, Sherbrooke 180
Mark Speckley, Peterborough 180
Steve Stanzel, Carleton Place 180
Sgt. J. S. M. Russell, Millbrook 180
Sgt. Coggin, Kingston 180
Sister Lingle, Montreal 180
Lieut. Brooks, Montreal 180
Bro. Shaver, Montreal 180
Sister Robinson, Perth 180
Sister Vernon, Sherbrooke 180
Capt. Vance, Bismarck 180
Lieut. Hickman, Sarnia 180
Treas. Gillian, Renfrew 180
Capt. Bearchell, Tweed 180
Capt. Wilson, Perth 180
Mrs. Capt. Green, Perth 180
Mrs. Raynor, Barrie 180
Bell Robertson, Barrie 180
Dad Duquette, Tremblay 180
Mrs. Green, Peterborough 180
Capt. Young, Montreal 180

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

60 Hustlers.

Ensign Walker, Richmond 100
Mrs. Pearce, Temple 100
Mrs. Bowher, Lissar 81
Capt. Culbert, North Bay 78
Mrs. Ensign Wynn, Newmarket 75
Capt. Davis, Lindsay 70
Capt. Clark, Lippincott 62
Capt. Galt, Lippincott 62
Adjt. Moore, St. Catharines 59
S. M. Hill, Galt 59
Capt. Durrah, Meaford 59
Sister Gifton, Temple 59
Mrs. Stephens, St. Catharines 59
Capt. Poole, Cheltenham 59
Sister Lightfoot, Hamilton 59
Capt. Hama, Aurora 59
Capt. White, Riversdale 59
Mrs. Kaine, St. Catharines 59
Lieut. Reynolds, Bowmanville 59
Mrs. Adjt. Wiggins, Barrie 59
Capt. Liston, Uxbridge 59
Capt. Lott, Omemee 59
Sgt. Rustin, Lissar 59
Capt. Stollifer, Riverside 59
Mrs. Gilks, Yorkville 59
Maud Stoddart, Fredericton 59
Lieut. Howlett, Penetanguishene 59
Capt. Brooks, Ingersoll 59
Capt. Conner, Timmins 59
Lieut. Peacock, Dunlap 59
S. M. Boyer, Bracebridge 59
Bro. Carter, Hamilton 59
Lieut. McGregor, Riverside 59
Capt. Welsh, Brampton 59
Capt. Richmond, Bracebridge 59
Mrs. Bone, Barrie 59
Adjt. Wiggins, Barrie 59
Capt. Nelson, Brampton 59
Capt. E. Howell, Riverside 59
Lieut. Trickey, Riverside 59
Mrs. Julian, Dovercourt 59
Capt. Meeks, Doverscourt 59
Sgt. Earle, Richmond 59
Capt. Miller, Lippincott 59
Mrs. Smith, Meaford 59
Lieut. Curwinton, Bowmanville 59
Sgt. Tuck, Lissar 59
Capt. Barker, Barrie 59

Mrs. Currie, Hamilton 59
Ethel Smith, Doverscourt 59
Sister Gee, Hamilton 59
Capt. Bowers, Lissar 59
Cadet Heale, Lippincott 59
Capt. Capper, Richmond 59
Mrs. Hunter, Newmarket 59
Sgt. Mrs. Bowerman, Newmarket 59
Sister Killingsworth, Lindsay 59
Mrs. Moore, Lissard 59
Cadet Greenwood, Temple 59
Mrs. Courtemanche, Kinnon 59

♦ 11 ♦

EAST vs. WEST.

EASTERN PROVINCE

102 Hustlers.

P. S. M. Smith, Windsor 159
P. Wilson, Halifax 159
Capt. Thompson, Galt Bay 159
Sgt. Velnot, Halifax 159
Sgt. Mirey, St. John 159
Capt. Bearchall, St. George's 159
L. Santuca, Hamilton 159
Sgt. Major Flood, Hamilton 159
Sgt. Santuca, Hamilton 159
Sgt. Virgil, Southampton 159
Ensign Parsons, Yarmouth 159
Capt. Chandler, St. John 159
L. Lebas, Fredericton 159
Bro. Reid, St. John 159
Capt. Bowering, Westville 159
Capt. Horwood, Truro 159
Lieut. Vehot, Hermon 159
Ensign Wright, St. John 159
Capt. Conrad, Halifax 159
S. D. Dolan, Summerside 159
L. Smith, Halifax 159
Capt. Dwyer, St. John 159
Capt. Lebas, St. John 159
Adjt. MacNamara, Charlottetown 159
P. S. M. Chase, Fredericton 159
Mrs. Adjt. McGillivray, Fredericton 159
Adjt. McLean, Fredericton 159
Sgt. Armstrong, St. John 159
Capt. Cameron, Campbell 159
Lieut. Hebb, Hampton 159
Ensign Jennings, Springhill 159
Capt. Laws, St. Stephen 159
Lieut. Winchester, St. Stephen 159
Sgt. Major Morrison, Galt Bay 159
Sgt. J. Irons, Windsor 159
Capt. Kirk, St. John 159
Ensign Mrs. Knight, Calais 159
Capt. Wilson, Charlottetown 159
Sgt. Maybell, Charlottetown 159
L. S. Warren, Charlottetown 159
Capt. Bitch, Springhill 159
Sgt. Pepe, Henton 159
Capt. Perry, St. John 159
Capt. Bunde, Bridgetown 159
Lieut. Lebas, St. John 159
Lieut. Jones, Woodstock 159
Treas. Mrs. Olive, Carlton 159
Lieut. Meikle, Newcastle 159
Capt. Allan, Carlton 159
Capt. Kinney, Fredericton 159
A. Hawkins, Yarmouth 159
Lieut. B. Murthphy, Hillsboro 159
Capt. Armstrong, North Head 159
Capt. J. W. Clark, Kentville 159
Lieut. Peckham, Kentville 159
War Cry Sgt. Kent, Bear River 159
Capt. Faneey, Peterborough 159
Capt. Tudge, Parrsboro 159
Mrs. W. Bowden, Dartmouth 159
T. Madden, Westville 159
Willie Warren, Charlottetown 159
Lieut. Brown, Pictou 159
Maud Bennett, Somerside 159
Adjt. Mrs. St. John, Hillsboro 159
Sister Parkis, Carlton 159
Mrs. Ensign Larder, Chatham 159
P. S. M. Treadwell, Newstede 159
Treas. Cassin, Halifax 159
Lieut. Hamm, Yarmouth 159
Lieut. Tatam, North Head 159
R. Rigley, Halifax 159
Sgt. Forward, Peterborough 159
Sgt. England, Chatham 159
Sgt. Tilley, St. John 159
Ensign Larder, Chatham 159
Alma Trafton, Fairville 159
W. McHenry, Bear River 159
W. Burgess, Halifax 159
Ensign Knight, Calais 159
Mabel Ludlow, Calais 159
Capt. T. Tilley, Calais 159
Bro. Beatty, Fredericton 159
Sgt. Lyons, Fredericton 159
Sgt. Donovan, Fredericton 159
Sgt. Beatty, Fredericton 159
Capt. A. Newell, Windsor 159
Sister M. Jeant, Lissar 159
Sister A. Moore, Galt Bay 159
Sister Mrs. Flannigan, Woodstock 159
Sister C. Lovely, Parrsboro 159
Mrs. McDow, Dartmouth 159
Mrs. Gibbs, Charlottetown 159
Mrs. Baeconde, Southampton 159
Sgt. Aldrich, New Glasgow 159
Capt. Rowell, Dighy 159
Mrs. Ming, Hamilton 159
Capt. Trifton, Dighy 159
Sgt. Wade, Hamilton 159
L. Rose, New Glasgow 159
Sgt. Squires, Springhill 159
Capt. Doyle, Sydney 159

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

47 Hustlers.

Sergt. E. Glenn, Butte	185
Lient. Morris, Billings	116
Sister Ada Lewis, Victoria	114
Lient. Long, Rossland	103
Ensign Ciminius, Great Falls	95
Capt. Krell, Nanaimo	95
Mrs. Adj't. Ayre, Westminister	90
Capt. Benmont, Kamloops	89
Capt. LeDrew, Victoria	75
Capt. Scott, Helena	68
Capt. Noble, Spokane	68
Lient. Morris, Kellsell	65
Mrs. Adj't. Hay, Billings	63
Lient. Gahn, Revelstoke	61
Bro. Whipple, Vancouver	62
Sister M. V. Jackson, Livingston	59
Mrs. C. Jackson, Livingston	59
Capt. Duthie, Nelson	59
Capt. Mrs. Hooker, Spokane	59
Bro. Moody, Vancouver	59
Bro. Christian, Vancouver	59
Adj't. Babington, Spokane	43
Ensign Lester, Nelson	42
Lient. Morris, Billings	41
Capt. Miller, Vancouver	40
Mrs. Capt. Brown, Rozenman	40
Gertle Watford, Livingston	40
Capt. Gooding, Rossland	40
Capt. Sheard, Lewiston	39
Sister Nellie Porter, Victoria	38
Sister Mrs. Noble, Revelstoke	38
Sister R. Shinn, Livingston	38
Lient. Floyd, Dillon	37
Capt. Perreault, Kellsell	35
Bro. Barnes, Vancouver	35
Sister Kirby, Vancouver	35
Sergt. Hagenson, Rossland	30
Mr. Stover, Helena	30
Sister Mrs. Nesbitt, Helena	26
Bro. Bulte, Rossland	25
Sister A. Mortimer, Victoria	25
Capt. Jackson, Livingston	24
Sister Montelth, Dillon	20
Sister Anderson, Helena	20
Bro. Denby, Spokane	20
Bro. Tilbury, Vancouver	20
Bro. McRea, Rossland	20

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

16 Hustlers.

Sergt.-Major Newell, Twillingate	100
Cadet Nainsburg, St. Johns I.	50
Cadet Tiller, St. Johns I.	45
Cadet Cummings, St. Johns I.	40
Cadet Howse, St. Johns I.	35
Cadet May, St. Johns I.	30
Cadet Balley, Harbor Grace	27
Besse Ilstock, St. Johns I.	25
Cadet M. Shute, St. Johns I.	25
Sergt. T. Wheeler, Twillingate	25
Lient. Way, Twillingate	25
Cand. Wiltsire, Heart's Delight	22
Mrs. Cook, St. Johns I.	20
May Rose, St. Johns I.	20
Cadet Oldford, St. Johns I.	20
Cadet Fisher, Harbor Grace	20

KLONDIKE EXPEDITION.

2 Hustlers.

Mrs. Adj't. McGill, Skagway	120
Adj't. McGill, Skagway	70

Woman Writes Eulogistically of the
Army of John Read.



THE GREEKS.

CHAPTER XXVII.
MODERN GREECE.

In spite of their misfortunes, the Greeks still cherished a hope of independence. A secret society, called the Hetaira, was formed among the young people, having for its object the liberation of Greece. In 1820 the first rising took place under Prince Ipsilanti, who had served in the Russian army. The expected Russian support was, however, not forthcoming, and Ipsilanti was forced to flee to Austria.

The following year a rising took place all over Greece. The peasants of Attica drove the Turkish garrison out of all Athens but the Acropolis, which they besieged for 83 days. Omar Pasha, with 4,000 Turkish soldiers, came to the relief of the besieged garrison, and routed the 700 Greeks, but so soon had he turned his back that the Greeks resumed the siege. The

destroyed. After some more fighting in the north, in which General Church led the Greeks, the Turks were finally defeated, and in October, 1828, the Pontinegrians became a free country. Count Cane d'Istria was chosen President, and a Council was elected.

Greece, as a republic, however, proved a failure. Disputes and civil wars were incessant, and the European powers decided, for that reason, that Greece should be governed by a king, aided by a parliament.

As there was no direct claimant to the throne, Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg was chosen, and he accepted at first, but upon obtaining more detailed knowledge of the actual state of things, and of the degenerated morals of the modern Greeks, he declined.

In the meantime things went from bad to worse. Count d'Istria was murdered, and two rival councils tried to govern.

In 1832 Otto, a Royal Prince of Bavaria, was chosen as King by the conference in London, which was called to settle the affairs of Greece.

King Otto was only 17 years of age when he took the reins of the government with a guard of Bavarian soldiers. He had a council appointed to rule for him until he should become of



To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the world; and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or any one in difficulty. Address Commissioner Evangelist Booth, 16 Albert St., Exeter, or any of the 1,000 branches of the Temperance, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column and to inform the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

First insertion.

WILSON, JAMES HERBERT. Age 34, height 5 ft. 9 in., fair hair and complexion, blue eyes. Last heard from in February, 1898, at North Croydon, Queensland. May be in Klondike. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

CAMPBELL, JOSEPH. Age 66, medium height, dark complexion and eyes. Lateiter. Last known address Yorkville, Toronto. Wife and daughter extremely anxious to hear from him. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

HIGTON, GEORGE and ALFRED. Last known address Exeter P. O., co. Mr. Stringer, Farmer. Parents dead and sister anxious to find him. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

FERGUSON or COVEY, MRS. Last heard from in Pine City, Minn., in 1880. Maiden name Agnes Tate, widow of William Ferguson; supposed to have married again to a lumberman named John Covey. Has a little girl named Ida, now about 25 years of age. May have gone to Duluth. Mother getting old and feeble, would like to find her. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

SCOTT, MRS. AMELIA. Last known address Upper Gillies, South Shore, Newfoundland. Her son William, of the "Teutonic," enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

HARGEST, BRYAN. Left home at Sherbrooke, Que., for Berlin Mills, seeking employment, in November, 1898. Not heard of since. Occupation thusmish, age 21, height 5 ft. 5 in., stout, fair complexion, blue eyes. Reward offered. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

WILSON, JAMES HERBERT. Age 34, height 5 ft. 9 in., light hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Not heard from since February, 1898, then living at North Croydon, Queensland. Talked of going to Klondike. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

THOMPSON, JAMES HENRY. Height 5 ft. 6 in., fair complexion, blue eyes, bare face, age 25. Left Portage la Prairie to work on Crow's Nest Pass two years ago. Not heard from since. Mother anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

A FREE GIFT.

TIMELY WARNING.

WILL everybody in the Central and East Ontario Provinces be on the look-out for

STAFF-CAPTAIN MANTON,
who accompanies Lt.-Col. Margetts on
his tour in these Provinces. The Staff-Captain will have with him a quantity of

Guernseys,
Badges,
Bands,

and other uniform, and will be prepared to supply goods on the spot. This is a grand opportunity. Don't miss it



Remember, salvation is a free gift, and it is a free gift for us. Can you buy it? It is a "free gift" presented to whosoever will accept it. Suppose were to say, "I will give this Bible to whosoever will take it; what have you got to do?" Why, nothing but like it. But a man comes forward and says, "I'd like that Bible very much." "Well, didn't I say 'whosoever will can have it'?" "Yes, but I'd like to know who you mention my name." "Well, here it is." Still he keeps eyeing the Bible and saying, "I'd like to have that Bible, but I'd like to give you something for it. I don't like to take it for nothing." "But I am not here to sell Bibles," said he, "if you want it." "Well, I want it, but I'd like to give you something for it. Let me give you a cent for it; though to be sure, it is worth more than five dollars." Suppose I accept the cent: that man takes up the Bible and marches away home with it. His wife asks, "Where did you get that Bible?" "Oh, I bought it." Mark the point: when he gives the penny it ceases to be a gift. So with salvation. If you were to pay ever so little it would not be a gift.—D. L. Moody.



Lord, Take Possession.

Tunes.—Monmouth (B.J. 222, 1); Mardon (B.J. 173, 2); Eaton (B.J. 167, 2); Sovereignty (B.B. 21, B.J. 220, 1); Stella (B.J. 25, 3); Jesus of Nazareth (slowly).

1 Baptize us now with living faith,
To claim and take Thee as our own,

That sin to-day may find its death,
While on our hearts Christ we enthrone,

Thin image stamp on every soul—

Come, take possession of us all!

We pray, we pant to be set free
From every clinging doubt and sin;
We want the Blood-bought liberty
Which Jesus died for us to win.

On each this freedom now bestow,

And let us here Thy nature know.

If we Thy fulness now receive,
From strength to strength each day
go on,

Then all shall see we in Thee live,
And souls by love to Thee be drawn.
Around the Mercy Seat we bow,

Baptize us with Thy spirit now.

Major Drabble.

Send Us Showers!

Tune.—There shall be showers of blessing.

2 "There shall be showers of blessing."

This is the promise of love;
There shall be seasons refreshing
Sent from the Saviour above,

Chorus.

Showers of blessing, showers of blessing we need,
Mercy-drops round us are falling, but
for the showers we plead.

"There shall be showers of blessing,"
Prefaces reviving again;
Over the hills and the valleys,
Sounds of abundance of rain.

3 "There shall be showers of blessing."
Oh, that to-day they might fall,
Now as to God we're confessing,
Now as on Jesus we call.

Glad to Be a Soldier.

Tune.—I'm glad I'm in the Army (B.B. 44, S.M. 1, 1D).

4 I will not be discouraged, for Jesus
is my Friend;
He'll lead me safe to Glory, and
keep me to the end.

Chorus.

Oh, I'm glad I'm in this Army,
And I'll battle for the Lord!
He will give me grace to conquer,
And keep me to the end.

Fight on ye valiant soldiers, the battle
we shall win,
For the Saviour is our Captain, as
we shall conquer sin.

And when the battle's over, before
Him we shall stand;
We will sing His praise for ever in
that holy, happy land.

Then with the best in Glory, all robed
in dazzling white,
We will sing the pleasing story, and
marvel in Jesus' sight.

My Lord and My God.

Tune.—B. J. 200, 2.

4 Arise, my soul, arise, shake off thy
guilty fears,

The Bleeding Sacrifice in my be-
half appears,

Before the Throne my surety stands,

My name is written on His hands.

He ever lives above for me to inter-
cede.

His all-redeeming love, His precious
blood to plead.
His blood was shed for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

Five bleeding wounds He bears, re-
ceived on Calvary.
They pour effectual prayer, they
strongly plead for me;

"Forgive him, oh, forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransom'd sinner die."

My God is reconciled, His pardoning
voice I hear.
He owns me for His child, I can no
longer fear;

With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

On the Cross.

Tunes.—Come to Me (B.J. 102, 2); Be-
hold the Lamb of God (B.J. 277, 2);
What's the news? (B.J. 12, 3);
There is a better world (B.J. 11, 3);
Christ for me (B.B. 48); Will you
go? (B. B. 13); We're traveling
home (B.B. 7).

5 Behold, behold the Lamb of God
On the Cross!
For us He shed His precious Blood
On the Cross!

Oh, hear His all-important cry,
"Why perish, Blood-bought sinner
whence?"

Draw near and see your Saviour die
On the Cross!

Come, sinner, see Him lifted up.
On the Cross!
He drinks for you the bitter cup—
On the Cross!

The rocks do rend, the mountains
quake,

While Jesus doth salvation make—
While Jesus suffers for our sake—

On the Cross!

And now the mighty deed is done—
On the Cross!

The battle's fought, the victory's won
On the Cross!

To heaven He turns His dying eyes,
"Tis finished!" now the Conqueror

cries;

Then bows His sacred head and dies
On the Cross!

Where'er I go I'll tell the story
Of the Cross!

In nothing else my soul shall glory,
Save the Cross!

Yes, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time and in eternity,

That Jesus tasted death for me—

On the Cross!

Mercy, Sinner.

Tuner.—Way down upon the Swanne
River; or, All the world can never
console thee (B.J. 157).

6 In love we now entreat you, sinner,
Your sins forsake;
Lest they at death should meet
you, sinner,
Bound for the burning lake.

Chorus.

In this day of mercy, sinner,
Jesus waits to save;
Life is uncertain, and to-morrow
You may be in your grave.

Life is at best uncertain, sinner,
Soon all gone by;
This night may fall the curtain, sinner,
And you be called to die.

From all your guilt and sorrow, sinner,
You can be free;
You may not see to-morrow, sinner,
Let Christ your Saviour be.

What we sing of salvation, sinner,
We know is true;
Through Jesus, free damnation, sinner,
Then you shall know it, too.

EXTRA SPECIAL.

An Up-to-Date Solo.

Tune.—Soldiers of the Queen.

7 We are soldiers fighting for Je-
hovah.

In the great Salvation Army;

Years in sin we played the wild, wild

rover,

Satan had us long in slavery,
Victims to his clever, crafty, cunning

ways,

Long He held us by his spell;

When we gave the slip, we found out

his trick,

He was leading us direct to hell,

Yes, he was leading us direct to hell,

Now, if anyone should ask us

How we intend to spend our lives—

Chorus.

In the service of the King, of course,

Our life for Him we count as dross;

We'll fight for Him whatever the cost,

Beneath the Yellow, Red, and Blue,

And when our work down here is done,

Our battles fought and victories won,

A glad well-done He'll give to every-

one.

Who spent their life for Him.

We are soldiers fighting in the Army

God has raised the world to win;

For He saw the need and in His mercy

Gave us a remedy for sin.

It is love He gave His only Son to

die,

Opened up a way to heaven;

Jesus is the way, and the only way,

Though Him everyone may be for-

given,

And have a blessed transport safe to
heaven.

We have shipped and bound for Glory.

And this is how we spend our time—

We are soldiers and we fight to con-
quer,

We are sure of certain victory;

On our side we have a conquering

Saviour,

By His might He gave us liberty,

In the mire of sin though once we

sank so low,

We have proved His power to save:

Now we long to sing praises unto Him,

Since His life for us He freely gave,

We proved no other power but His

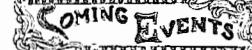
could save,

And since we left the ranks of Satan,

We now delight to spend our time—

Gr. J. W. Watson,

Ladysmith.



LIEUT.COL. MRS. READ

will visit

London, Sat., Sun. and Mon., March 17,
18, 19.

Orillia, Sat., Sun. and Mon., April 7,
8, 9.

Barrie, Tuesday, April 10.

LIEUT.COL. MARGETTS,

accompanied by

Staff-Captain Manton,

will visit

Aurora, Thursday, March 1.

Newmarket, Friday, March 2.

Barrie, Sat., Sun. and Mon., March 3,
4, 5.

Midland, Tuesday, March 6.

Orillia, Wednesday, March 7.

Huntsville, Thurs. and Fri., March 8, 9.

Bracebridge, Sat. and Sun., March 10,
11.

Gravenhurst, Monday, March 12.

BRIGADIER and Mrs. GASKIN

will visit

Temple, Friday, March 2.

Lindsay, Sat., Sun. and Mon.,
3, 4, 5.

Fenelon Falls, Tuesday, M

Uxbridge, Wednesday, M

Lisgar St., Saturday, S

Sunday, March 7.

Brigadier Gaskin